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SCHUYLER COLFAX.

SOMEBODY has said that antagonism is the condition of progress, and that the world owes all its onward impulses to men ill at ease. There is at least but little doubt that antagonism showed itself in human nature tolerably early, and, if you fix the precise date, you at the same time fix that of some other rather obscure matters in Genesis. No matter what his theology, the student of human nature makes some very uncomfortable discoveries. The orthodox, the liberal, the free-thinker, has each his own pet nomenclature; but they agree that after all there is but one great, overshadowing idea, one absorbing aim, running all through the long histories of antagonisms of which the world's progress is born. Mani was nearly right about his two kingdoms of Light and Darkness, though of course we believe that he ought not to have pronounced both everlasting. Everlasting and infinite truth, Mani's light, has found rather a stubborn antagonist in error; but error, though mighty, is not almighty or eternal, for does not even your old proverb assert that the

former shall prevail? The allusion to other centuries will be pardoned, on condition that the nineteenth shall not be forgotten.

An early combat committed to man's agency was the suppression of polytheism. The battle was so thoroughly won that man went almost to the extreme of believing that there is hardly even one God. Next, barbarous anarchy was replaced by theocracy; then came human rule, under kings and princes—and thus by degrees humanity was placed on its feet, instructed in self-rule, and commanded in the meantime to regard justice and give allegiance to the truth.

Now, though his poor feet are yet bleeding by reason of the thorns upon which he has blundered, what a noble campaign is that which has been fought out all the summer of the race on that line from Sinai to the adjournment of the last Congress! Every pitched battle in every advancing cycle of progress had its human general; but, though God's muster-rolls are doubtless accurate, many of those shining names

are now unknown on earth. It seems to be divine policy to value principles alone, and He is satisfied with the correct issue of the combat, leaving many a hero, like Moses, to an unknown grave, though God buries him and angels come to his funeral.

And that is the way to measure and reward men. Have they been true to the truth? are they worthy of remembrance? are they *men*?

The arena is not exclusively religious; for there is progress in matters temporal; there are two sides to obligation, one towards heaven and one towards earth,—for

"Foe to man was ne'er true friend to God."

Every century has its representative, and every man may find his work in his allotted century. Many an unfortunate one mistakes his work and gets in the wrong line of battle, while many under the right banner are merely mercenaries.

Politics may be clean or unclean, according to the motives of the actor. It is as much of a mistake to believe every politician merely politic, as that every public man is necessarily a patriot. The chaff of mere public reputation may be separated from the wheat of sound character. By dint of pen and tongue, party and partisan press, personal clique and appointed *claque*, many a sad political dog has his day. Profane, lewd in life, perhaps, too, infidel, venal, a political accident, merely partisan, drunken, vulgar in thought and speech, true only when it pays best, non-committal in emergency, and screechingly "progressive" when the people are evidently moving, he pockets the perquisites, gets into the wrong biographical berth, and finally falls into the wrong grave, if we may judge by his epitaph.

American biography has many prominent names, and the really deserving are separable from the unworthy by

their relations to the opportunities offered to all in common. SCHUYLER COLFAX is at least in the patriotic succession. His grandfather, General William Colfax, was Washington's body-guard commander, and his grandmother was cousin to General Philip Schuyler. Born in New York City, March 23d, 1823, "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow;" for his father died four months previous to the birth of the son. His school-life closed in 1833, when his mother married Mr. Matthews, and his service as store-clerk in 1836, when the family came West to New Carlisle, Indiana. The economy of a bee-hive resembles that of American Westward emigration. The strongest wings leave the old home first, and nothing equals the energy of the new swarm. The West is in this sense the daughter of the East. Mr. Matthews moved to South Bend, became county auditor in 1841, and made SCHUYLER his deputy. Wisdom says, "Make sure of promotion by diligence in your present lot." No county ever had a better deputy. Not a duty was omitted, and not a moment of leisure lost from study. Reading makes the full man, and the Yankee *genus* "boy" must therefore talk to save his very life. This escape-valve was found in the village debating club. The organization took the form of a moot State legislature, and each member was an imaginary son of thunder from some county he may never have seen. Hon. John D. Defrees, late Government Printer, was speaker of that little legislature, and the present Vice-President of the United States represented Newton county as faithfully there as he afterwards did in Congress.

Mr. COLFAX proved an accomplished presiding officer in later life; but his wide-awake nature was assisted by his early habits and training. That moot legislature proceeded conscientiously according to "Jefferson's Manual," and

this parliamentary schooling was made more valuable by two sessions in the real legislature, at Indianapolis, where he reported proceedings for the "Journal."

Bohemians say that you never can wash your fingers clean of printers' ink. Once a printer, almost always a printer; and once an editor, your only purgatory is—say the Vice-Presidency.

Naturally, therefore, Mr. COLFAX established the "St. Joseph Valley Register" at South Bend. Here began the public life whose chronology we rapidly note.

He was editor of the "Register" from 1845 to 1863—eighteen years; member of a convention to revise the Indiana Constitution in 1849; nominated to Congress in 1851; delegate to the National Convention of 1848; delegate to the National Whig Convention of 1852; offered a nomination to Congress in 1852; elected Congressional representative from the Ninth Indiana District in 1854; reelected in 1856; reelected, and Chairman of Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads in session of 1858-9; reelected in 1860; reelected in 1862; elected Speaker in 1863; reelected member in 1864 and Speaker in 1865; reelected member in 1866 and Speaker in 1867; nominated to the Vice-Presidency in May, elected in November, 1868, and inaugurated as such March 4th, 1869.

This is the outline; but what a busy life it compresses for the man of only forty-six years! It is a successful life; but we are sure that the mere success is honorable only according to the personal and political character which begat the record.

The editor made his maiden pen in 1845. There were then two million and a half of slaves on American soil. Polk had just defeated Henry Clay, Mr. COLFAX's model statesman, for the presidency by an electoral vote of one hundred and seventy to one hundred

and five, and the great question of abolition was just rising into promised prominence. Horace Greeley that year republished, in his almanac, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and Washington's farewell address; and Mr. COLFAX gave cheer to the old Whig, prophesying that "the gloom of the present will be superceded by the ultimate triumph of his principles and his cause." Doubtless he was thinking of the close of the revolution, and not of the opening of the Rebellion of 1861, when he quoted the battle precedent of Yorktown.

Still loving Clay, the "Register" in 1847 urged General Taylor as the most available candidate for the presidency in 1848, and had the satisfaction of assisting in his election. But the old hero's victories had won Mexico and added new territory to our possessions. The Wilmot Proviso was discussed in Congress, and with not less heat all over the country; and this opening gun of the campaign against additional slave territory was echoed from South Bend. In the Indiana Constitutional Convention of 1849 Mr. COLFAX was active in favor of measures for State improvement, and especially solicitous to destroy that clause of the Constitution then prohibiting negroes and mulattoes from coming into the State, and those already there from holding real estate. His convictions against this clause cost him a defeat in the Congressional election of 1851.

After the administration of Mr. Fillmore, Scott was defeated for the Presidency in 1852, and the sky was full of opposing cheers, because the "Whig party was dead." A "Register" editorial, which is still good reading, deprecated dismay, ably argued the issues of the day, and hopefully prophesied the brighter future. Douglas's Nebraska Bill of 1854, repealing the Missouri Compromise, was the next contested redoubt. Thirteen majority in a mid-

night vote was denounced as a triumph by conspirators against freedom, and the "Register" reënnounced the doctrine of 1819, declared by all the Northern States, that no future State should be admitted if it sanctioned or tolerated human slavery.

This is the Republic of America, and the very title of the organization is a fulmination against oppression and caste. The inborn, the naturalized, the white, black, copper-colored, German, Irish, Englishman or African, are or ought to be equal. A letter written by the present Vice-President in 1856 nobly enunciated this truism of 1869, that "labor, the primal element of American prosperity, shall be honored, elevated and protected." A speech against the "Bogus Laws of Kansas," by Mr. Colfax, was extensively circulated at that time, and probably yet lingers in the memory of Alexander H. Stephens, that other vice-president, who was then an interested auditor. One passage in this sounds like an inspired portraiture of the war which closed the long struggle.

The Lecompton link in that chain of oppression is not yet forgotten. A Kansas constitution, begotten for Kansas in the image of slavery by Missouri meddlers, and rejected by the people of Kansas, was brought before Congress for ratification and acceptance. The Congressional contest over this question brought Mr. COLFAX to the foreground in a speech of great power. Pending the controversy the hopes of good men wavered, but a Crittenden Amendment for once secured an adjustment which restored something of true democracy to the administration of border affairs.

Nominated as usual by acclamation, Mr. COLFAX as usual was elected by a gratifying majority. Congress, through its committee on post offices and post roads, turned its attention to the wants of the far West. Postage was cheap-

ened, the daily overland mail was established, and the whole mail service was improved towards something of an Elihu Burritt standard.

Then came the dawn of the final battles for the overthrow of the larger of the twin relicts of barbarism. Called, like as Moses from Midian, Abraham Lincoln went from Springfield to the Cooper Institute at New York, where he delivered those sentiments which made him President and the Great Emancipator. Up to this time the one great idea of the subject of this sketch was that Congress had the constitutional right to prohibit slavery in the Territories. Mr. Lincoln's incontrovertible argument on this point in that great speech stands to this day, and then made him the apostle of the sentiment. The thought which had inspired the Ninth Indiana District had now become the rallying-cry of a nation, and the two men saw eye to eye. The President was elected on this distinct party issue, and the minority flew to arms in defence of failing feudalism. Though Congress expressly said, even Owen Lovejoy concurring, that the new administration had no designs against slavery in the States, a fiery faction revolted in the name of Southern States' rights to rule the North as of old.

Fort Moultrie opened its guns upon Fort Sumpter; but the traitor signal served as the *receille* of a loyal host. Armed patriots died at their posts; but we can now more clearly see that no less patriotic citizens at home made our army possible. The floor of the House kept pace with Major Anderson and Grant, and gave counterparts to Bull Run and Appomattox. The weary, sad and glorious theme need not be recounted here; for the pang is over, and two men, one of the army and one of the people, are anointed our high-priests of victory by fireside and field. Mr. COLFAX's services in reconstruction

are too fresh in memory to need repeating.

Measure principles by the standard of Holy Writ, and estimate the statesman by his allegiance to Him' who made all men brothers. The age is in advance. England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the islands of the sea, are toiling up the sides of the political Pisgah from which our fathers so long ago saw the land promised to those who worship the Common Father. On this soil are to be fully settled the questions of free speech, free press, religious voluntarism and universal equality before the law. The people are to rule, and every citizen is to be equally a subject and equally a king. Blood shall constitute no caste, wealth shall confer no higher power, learning shall only bring its owner near to the truth; and hither shall assemble representatives of all nations for instruction and final missionary dispersion again to spread the Word to the ends of the earth.

To this end, by choice or providential indirection, tends every fiber of the republic. The memory of political tricksters shall rot; even prevalent public venality shall but show how selfishness may ruin unless God interpose, and only those statesmen shall be approved who do justice from pure love of it and its Great Ordainer.

We leave the final verdict with the reader as to whether SCHUYLER COLFAX measures up to the authoritative standard. A pure mother, an elevating home, religious associations and professions, and the odor of his life, bespeak the people's trust. His voice has swelled the chorus of freedom, his votes have been given on the right side, and his course seems to be consistent.

Turn again, now, to the foregoing portrait, and let us modify the artist's presentation. Even the best engravings sometimes escape not Landseer's definition of a photograph, "Justice without mercy."

Mr. Colfax is under medium hight, with brown hair, a brow firmly molded, a blue, open and generous eye, a frank face full of character, a mouth strongly inclined to smile at the least provocation, but clearly showing that firmness, decision, energy, and kindness of heart, which have done so much to make him what he is.

He is not learned, in the university sense; but he possesses great practical wisdom and a thorough self-education whose industry was forshadowed in his early and very brief school-life. His intellect is clear, his readings wide, perceptions quick, convictions deep, and sense of duty as imperative as a voice from the sky. Honorably unselfish, unquestionably sincere, no wire-pulling trickster, no pretentious humbug whose eminence alone protects him from exposure, generous to subordinates and true to all, he deserves the love which he is sure to retain. Having obtained position as a mere incident to duty, he justly estimates the conditions of permanent success. Believing that a true man has always at hand all legitimate material, he scorns to corduroy his path to eminence with the bodies of competitors slain through fear of their honorable emulation. He will as soon decoy your child a victim to the dissecting-room, as to build for himself upon the debris of reputation ruined by his misrepresentation or calumny. A mean, cowardly innuendo is to him as impossible as forgery or theft. In all relations no man is more approachable, no grasp more cordial, no welcome more genuine, no laugh more hearty, no frankness more charming.

As a speaker he is ready, seldom hesitating to replace a word or failing to touch the quick of a question, never employing any thing for stage effect; but straightforward, direct, and often exquisitely elegant in image and diction, he is, in the genuine sense, eloquent. His every speech is a suc-

cess, and though one often wonders how he will extricate himself in the varied and often untimely calls made upon his treasury, he always closes with added wealth of gratified admirers.

In the Chair he is suave and forbearing almost to excess, but as impartial as the congressional clock opposite his seat. Nothing escapes him, nothing non-pluses him. The marvel of his presiding watchfulness is equaled alone by the intuitive, rapid solution of the knotty point suddenly presented, and having either no precedent, or, at best, but a very distant one. In every quandary, the South Bend legislature, or the "Journal" reporter, or the present student of Jefferson or Cushing, or all, rally to the rescue of the wondering House or Senate and still smiling Chairman. The advocate is never confused with the judge. When presiding, it is

as difficult to remember, as when debating to forget, that he is radically a Radical.

Mr. COLFAX is not famous as the author of any great national measure, like a few prominent men whose association with certain absorbing public issues has conferred a good or bad immortality, though their championship was a mere accident. He is, however, distinguished through his even excellence in every assigned position. As boy, youth or man, editor, representative or speaker, he has never failed. Increasingly influential, he yet is as quiet during or after his work as a sunbeam.

Thus, about half-way on his journey—for we hope he will live a century, and mount still higher in honors and popular love—we bid him Godspeed.

BIOGRAPHICAL PECULIARITIES: A RAMBLE THROUGH MY LIBRARY.

BY M^{RS}. L. L. TACIT.

THE anonymous author of that pleasant and popular olla-podrida, "*Nugæ Venales*," has propounded some ingenious questions, and amongst them—Which is the best kind of nose? To this he replies, the Large—a conclusion to which, we fear, the celebrated Slawkenbergius would have steadily demurred.

Certainly the Roman rulers had monstrous noses, with the exception of Tarquinius Superbus—the reason, perhaps, his subjects deposed him. Numa's was six inches in length—whence he obtained the name of Pompilius, as being the proprietor of a superlatively

big nose. Lysurgus and Solon, according to Plutarch, were distinguished in a similar manner.

A large nose, we are told, is always a sign of wisdom. Had not Homer a proboscis seven inches in length? Hence the two proverbs—"Prudent men smell danger from afar off," and "A fool has no nose."

"Large noses," says Vigneul Marville, "are honored in every part of the world except China and Tartary. Pug noses are highly objectionable, and are ominous of ill fortune. The Constable de Montmorency was pug-nosed, and was called by the court wits the 'Mont-

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morency Pug'—a very disagreeable name for a grand signior.

"The Duke of Guise—son of him who was slain at Blois in 1588, and after his father's death one of the leaders of the League—was also degraded by this mal-feature.

"I knew a gentleman," continues the author, "who, having a singular veneration for the families of Guise and Montmorency, could not be consoled because two of their chiefs were pug-nosed—as if that defect diminished their glory."

Since, then, large, bold, prominent noses are the best, it is evident that Livy and Ovid—whose proboscis procured him the appellation "*Naso*"—Politian and Borromeo, the Portuguese poet Camoens, and the English Kelt, were much to be envied. On the nose of the latter, an epigram—something to the following effect—was indited :

"Gaze on his nose—perfidious scribe!
And you will rightly say so,
That Kelt an *Ovid* may not be,
But is, at least, a *Naso*!"

Francis, Duc d'Alençon, brother of Henry III., suffered so much from the small-pox that his nose was literally divided into two! After his treacherous and unsuccessful attempt, in 1583, to seize the town of Anvers from his own allies, the Flemings, his misfortunes were celebrated in a quatrain, thus :

"Marvel not, if noses twain
Duke Alençon's visage grace—
For a double nose, 'tis plain,
Must adorn a double face!"

Madame de Genlis, blessed with a nose of smaller dimensions than the individuals we have alluded to, looked upon it as a model nose, apparently, judging from certain passages in her memoirs. The engraver having designed the aquiline nose on a medal struck in her honor, she exclaimed: "Is this, then, my little *nez retroussé*?—the nose that

has been eulogized in prose and verse!—the most delicate, ay! and the prettiest in the world! Why, like all noses of the kind, it has a little knob, and the tip of those little facets which painters call flats (*méplats*)!" And she goes on with a tiresome History of the Decline and Fall—of her nose!

The author we have already quoted has given utterance to some very original ideas respecting the configuration of the human visage.

"We justly marvel," he says, "that in all the world there are not two men with faces exactly alike. We do not take any notice of a circumstance equally remarkable, that every countenance is so fashioned that, however ugly it may appear to us, provided it has not suffered any accidental disfigurement, we should not know how to change it for the better unless we completely altered its character.

"Even in its ugliness, nature has observed so exact a symmetry that we can not change a feature! For instance, we can not lengthen a pug nose; because, were it so elongated, it would not harmonize with the other parts of the countenance, which, being a certain size, and showing certain elevations and depressions, require that the nose should be proportioned to them.

"According to certain rules very reasonable in themselves, a pug nose ought to be a pug, and a face so decorated would become hideous if there were set on it a nose aquiline. I will go further, and say that it is sometimes as necessary a man should have no nose, as it is necessary—for example—that the capital of a Tuscan column should have no volute. In the Ionic or Corinthian style, the volute is an ornament; but it would be a monstrous irregularity in Tuscan architecture.

"A small nose, small eyes, a large mouth, commonly so disgusting to us, belong to an order of beauty which per-

haps we do not admire, but which we ought not to condemn, because probably the order has its own rules, and these it is not for us to contradict. They are, in fact, so immutable, that it is only by the perfect acquaintance with them which skillful artists possess that they can give any versimilitude to the portraits they paint after nature. And so the inimitable Nanteuil boasted that he always seized upon the likeness, because he worked by certain fixed laws. I have heard him say that some features require particular examination, because the others are regulated by their standard; and that when these are once seized upon, the rest can not fail to be caught. I asked him, on one occasion, if he could paint a person he had never seen by following the description I could give him. 'Yes,' he replied, 'if you were skillful enough to reply with exactness to the questions I should put to you; but in this consists all the secrets of my art.'

Hay, in his *Essay on Deformity*, published in 1754, has a passage to this effect: "Corporeal deformity is very rare. Out of five hundred and eighty gentlemen composing the House of Commons, I am the only one that has to lament over his figure. I thank my constituents for never having alleged any thing against my person, and I hope they will never have any thing to allege against my conduct."

Going back no further than the fourteenth century, we meet with the following personages whose ugliness or deformity, if we can rely on the opinions of their contemporaries, entitle them to special notice: Margaret, Countess of Tyrol, surnamed *Gucule de Sac*—the sack-mouthed—whose hideous portrait frightens you in the gallery of Versailles; Leontius Pilate, a Greek man of letters in the fourteenth century; Giotto, the distinguished painter; Campagnio, an Italian author of the fifteenth century; De le Trémouille, the friend

of Madame de Sévigné; Bourignon, the celebrated visionary; St. Martin, a French writer of the seventeenth century; M^{lle}. de Scudéri, who composed popular romances in her day, of twenty quarto volumes in each; Dauchet, whose "large eyes" and "gaping mouth" Rousseau has immortalized; Delille, the translator of Virgil; Florian, the famous fabulist and story writer; Gibbon, the historian; the gastronomical Grimod la Regnière; Mirabeau, listening to whose eloquence men forgot he was ugly; Danton, the foe of Robespierre; and, finally, the celebrated comedian Charles Mathews, as ugly and as clever as his French rival, Le Kaïn.

The ugliness of Pellissan has become proverbial. It is said that a lady once begged of him to be good enough to place himself as a study for an artist whom she had engaged to paint for her the governor of the infernal regions. He was so hideous that, when the Duke of Burgundy's confidant hesitated to propose to him for his confessor the Jesuit Martineau, a man of the most repulsive appearance, the Duke exclaimed: "Bah! nothing can frighten a man who has once seen Pellissan!"

Vauvenargues, the moralist, was so disfigured by the small-pox that he dared not return into society; and it is to this forced seclusion we owe his remarkable works. Another writer, and one above mediocrity, the Lyonnese De Virian, was rendered so frightful through disease that he would not return to France, and betook himself to Constantinople!

It may have been the same cause that induced the Prussian naturalist, Hilsenberg, who died in 1824, to fly to Madagascar. His pallid complexion, very light hair and eyebrows, and the red membrane of the eyelids, procured him from the islanders the nickname of "The Owl."

Bekker, the German, a marvelously ugly man, having denied in one of his

works the existence of his satanic majesty, La Monnoie hurled at him a stinging epigram, anglicized thus:

"Though thou hast blotted out the devil's name,
Thy task is not yet ended: If the dire
Destroyer's image we must never frame,
Put thine own portrait, Bekker, in the fire!"

Scarron, who satirized every body and every thing, did not spare himself. He has bequeathed to posterity his portrait, drawn by himself with all the minuteness of a daguerreotype:

"Reader! you who have never seen me—and who perhaps care little that you have not, since there is nothing to be gained by gazing on a person made as I am—know that I, too, should be equally indifferent, had I not learned that some facetious fellows amuse themselves at the expense of the unfortunate, and paint me what I am not. Some assert that I am a cripple, others that I have no thighs, and that I am placed on a table in a box, where I chatter like a magpie; and others, that I fasten my hat to a rope which passes over a pulley, and which I raise or lower in salutation of those who visit me. I think myself obliged, in all conscience, to prevent them from lying any longer; and, for this reason, have had engraved the portrait which you see at the commencement of the book.

"You will doubtless grumble (for every reader grumbles, and I, too, when I am a reader)—you will grumble, I say, and will find fault because I only show my back. Certainly, I do not turn my back on my friends through any wish other than that the convex of my back can more fitly receive an inscription than the concave of my stomach, which is quite covered with my hanging head, and because on this side, quite as well as on the other, one can discern the irregular plan of my body. Without pretending to make a present to the public (for, by the nine Miss Muses, I have never expected my head would

form the original of a model), I would willingly sit to an artist, if any one would undertake to paint my likeness; but, in default of a painter, I intend myself to describe how I am made.

"I am thirty years old. If I live to be forty, I shall add many evils to those from which, for the last eight or nine years, I have suffered. I was formerly a good figure, though short; but my diseases have shortened me quite a foot. My head is rather too broad for my shape. I have a face full enough for my body not to appear scraggy; enough hair not to need a wig. I have good eye-sight, and great blue eyes—one very much sunken on the side that I droop my head. I have a tolerably well-shaped nose. My teeth, formerly square pearls, are now wood-colored, and will soon be slate-colored; I have lost one and a half on the right side, and I have two somewhat shaky. My legs and thighs made at first an obtuse angle—then an equilateral angle; and, lastly, an acute angle. My thighs and body form another; and, my head declining on my breast, I do not badly represent a Z. My arms are shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In fine, I am a compendium of human misery."

There are few men who could talk so amusingly about their own misfortune—a subject on which the wittiest grow dull, and the wisest foolish.

The elder Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," has preserved some interesting anecdotes of this extraordinary man.

His sufferings were the result of a youthful freak. He disguised himself as a savage in the carnival at Mans in 1638. The singularity of a naked man attracted crowds. After having been hunted by the mob, he was forced to escape from his pursuers, and concealed himself in a swamp. A freezing cold seized him, and threw him, at the age of twenty-seven years, into a kind of

palsy—a cruel disorder which tormented him all his life. He had the free use of nothing but his tongue and his hands. He wrote on a portfolio on his knees.

He once petitioned the queen to appoint him her "sick-man by right of office," in a poetical address from which a few lines are thus anglicized :

"Scarron, by God's grace, has been
Unworthy sickman of the queen;
Homeless, houseless, yet he goes
A walking hospital of woes!
Other persons' legs he borrows
To support him neath his sorrows;
Suffering much, and little sleeping,
Yet a gallant visage keeping,
Scarron braves the weary days—
Though a losing game he plays!"

Scarron, however, had a beauty for his wife—the lovely Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, afterwards Madame de Maintenon, the "mistress, if not the Queen, of France."

Blind poets, since the days of Homer, have been numerous enough. Amongst others, we may mention Milton; Delille, the translator of Virgil; Blacklock, the Divine; Avisa, Kozlor, Louis Egloff, and others.

The elder Disraeli, towards the close of a useful and laborious life, suffered from an ophthalmic disease, which checked him in the prosecution of his literary labors.

Saunderson, the mathematician, lost his eye-sight when only a year old, but contrived to acquire a remarkable proficiency. "He is not," says the author of the "Pursuit of Knowledge," "the only blind mathematician on record. The writer of his life mentions Diodotus the Stoic, Didymus of Alexandria, Eusebius, and Nicasius de Voerda." The Count de Pagan, the "father of the modern science of fortification," lost his left eye before he was seventeen, and was totally deprived of sight when but thirty-eight. Euler, the celebrated mathematician, was struck with blindness in his fifty-ninth year, but continued to calculate and to dictate books as

actively as ever. Prescott, the author of the "Conquest of Mexico," and other works, long suffered from a painful affection of the eyes. Orestes A. Brownson, the great American reviewer, had to get out the last published numbers of his Review by the aid of an amanuensis. Augustine Thierry, the distinguished historian of the "Norman Conquest," was blind, paralyzed, incapable of movement.

Saunderson, to whom we have already alluded, is perhaps the most remarkable of those blind men who have made themselves a name for scientific excellence. He lost his sight in 1683—when only one year old—after a severe attack of the small-pox. But, spite of his complete blindness, he gave himself up to the assiduous duty of the sciences, and finally lectured at the University of Cambridge, on mathematics and optics, with wonderful success. His sense of touch was exquisitely fine. Thus, in a collection of Roman medals, he could distinguish the genuine from the false, although the latter were often so admirably counterfeited as to deceive those who examined them with their eyes. By the different feeling of the air on his face, he could tell when an object was placed before him. And his hearing was so accurate in seizing and appreciating the slightest sounds, that he could determine the height of any chamber into which he was introduced, and his distance from the wall!

We may also name the botanists Rumph and De Jussieu; Borghes, the Dutch mathematician; Galileo; Cassini, the astronomer; Huber, the Genevese naturalist, who so exactly studied the nature and habits of bees; Dulong, a Prussian flautist of considerable skill; and M^{lle}. Paradies, a celebrated Viennese pianiste, who became blind in her infancy.

Of the Tuscan sculptor, Gouffelli, struck with blindness at the early age

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of twenty, but who, nevertheless attained to a distinguished position in his profession, an interesting anecdote is told: "Anna Calonne, Princess of Palestrina, resting at Lucca, on her way into France, desired to see this extraordinary man, whom she had known at the court of Pope Urban, before he had lost his sight. To prove the truth of the tales related concerning him, she presented to him a medal, on which she said was engraved her husband's portrait, and demanded his opinion; but he, after handling it awhile, replied: 'Madam, you can not so deceive me; I know very well it is the likeness of my good master, Pope Urban.'" One would think he had eyes on the tips of his fingers, to be able to detect a thing so slightly discernible as the relief on a medal!

There have been blind warriors, who have not the less controlled the motions of their armies. Such were Henri Dandolo and Jean Ziska. The first, a Doge of Venice, was one of the leaders of the Latin army which captured Constantinople in 1204. Jean de Troczow, better known as Ziska—the Bohemian for one-eyed, a name he received after losing, while yet a child, an eye in childish sport—was the instigator, the life, the soul, of the terrible Hussite war, which lasted more than half a century. He lost in 1420, at the siege of Kaby, his remaining eye; but it was after this terrible accident that the "Old Blind Dog," as he called himself, gained his most brilliant victories.

"After he lost his sight," says L'Enfant, his biographer, "they were accustomed to place him in a chariot near the principal standard, and explain to him the order of battle, the situation of places, the valleys, rocks, mountains, hills, forests, and, according to these instructions, he arranged the disposition of the forces, and gave them his orders."

One evening, when he was about to

give the signal for battle, his attendants informed him that the darkness would prevent his soldiers from fighting. Immediately he had fire set to a neighboring village to afford light to his army, which then, according to custom, was victorious.

He died of the plague at the siege of a town called Przibislaw, in 1424.

Historical students will recollect the glorious death of John the Blind, King of Bohemia, who fell in the fight at Crecy, in 1346. Being informed that the battle was lost, he bade his knights conduct him into the thickest of the fray. "And," says quaint old Froissart, "he rushed so bravely on the enemy that at each sweep of his sword down went a foeman, and those who attended him fought, so that on the morrow their bodies were found piled around their lord, and their horses all close together."

A considerable number of blind princes is furnished by the history of the Greek empire and the Mussulman states, where the hideous punishment of putting out the eyes was very common.

In other countries we find among the blind: Louis III.; Boleslas III., Duke of Bohemia; Magnus IV., King of Norway; and Bela II., King of Hungary.

Let us pass on, however, to those who are kings in the country of the sightless—according to the old saying, that the one-eyed is a king among the blind.

"Everybody," says a French writer, "pities the blind, while everybody feels an aversion to the one-eyed, although the latter are in justice entitled to one-half our compassion. The squinting, unless the defect is very remarkable, do not offend us. Monsieur de Montmorency was a general favorite at the court of Louis XIII., though his eye was somewhat askew, and it was the fashion to call that peculiarity the

'Montmorency eye.' Descartes, a wonderful mathematician, exceedingly affected the squint-eyed, and gave as a reason for his partiality that his nurse was so distinguished."

Amongst the one-eyed celebrities we may mention Tyrtæus, whose songs were of more value to the Greek armies than the counsels of their generals; Philip, the Macedonian sovereign; the great Hannibal; Camoens, the Portuguese poet; Potemkin, the paramour of the famous and infamous Catherine II. of Russia; and George Lillo, the author of "George Barnwell" and "The Fatal Curiosity."

It is contrary, however, to all æsthetic principles that poet, dramatist or artist should labor under a defect so serious!

Tyrtæus was not only one-eyed, but squint-eyed—a double misfortune! Nero was squint-eyed—good enough for such a monster; and so was Guercino, the painter, and Madame de Montesius.

Seutonius, in his "Lives of the Cæsars," tells us that the "eyes of Tiberius were very large, and, what was very surprising, they could easily discern objects in the night and darkness, but only for a few moments, and when about to sleep, after which his sight became gradually obscured."

The Greek Emperor, Anastasius I., had one black eye and the other blue.

It has often been the theme of comment that Tyrtæus—who was by no means a handsome man—Parini, Byron and Sir Walter Scott—and some add Shakespeare—were all lame. So were Zoilus, the grammarian, who, if he limped himself, did not love limping verses; Agesilaus, the wise Spartan; Genseric, a prince of the Goths; Robert II., Duke of Normandy; Henry II., Emperor of Germany; the ferocious conqueror Tamerlane; the fair and frail M^{lle}. de la Vallière; and the philosophical Benjamin Constant. It must

be a consolation to the lame to halt in such excellent company! But Byron, as is well known, suffered much from the consciousness of his deformity, and has given expression to his feelings in his "Deformed Transformed."

Remarkable instances of the power of genius in overcoming physical defects, may be gathered from the lives of great painters. Rugendas, whose battle pieces are alive with vigor, was originally an engraver, but was compelled to abandon that profession through the weakness of his right hand, which, however, was strong enough to hold a brush; and so Rugendas became a painter. But after awhile his right hand became totally unserviceable, and he would have sunk into destitution had he not persevered in making his left hand supply the place of its disabled companion. Jouvenet, in like manner, made use of his left hand, and Mazzola, Director of the Imperial Gallery at Milan, who had been compelled to submit to the amputation of his right hand. Cornelius Ketel, a German painter, painted his own portrait, and several others, with his feet! Holbein used his left hand with singular facility and ability.

The hunchbacked can boast of kings, painters, poets, statesmen and warriors in their ranks. Richard III.'s hunchback has been immortalized by Shakespeare, whose authority will always be credited in opposition to that of Rapin and Walpole. Richard was "deformed, unfinished, sent before his time into this breathing world, scarce half made up, and that so lamely and unfashionable that dogs barked at him as he halted by them." William III. decidedly possessed equivocal shoulders. So did his great opponent, the Marshal de Luxembourg; and so did the Duke of Parma, and the Count de Armagnac—both distinguished soldiers.

Amongst deformed *littérateurs* we find Pierre de Saint Louis, Eber the German

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theologian, Lichtenberg, and St. Pavin. Cecil, the astute minister of Queen Elizabeth, was hunchbacked. It would seem that a peculiar force of intellect is generally given as a counterpoise to this painful deformity.

The first stammerer, whose name is recorded in authentic history, is Moses, the sublime prophet of Israel, who was "slow of speech and of slow tongue," and Aaron was his "spokesman unto the people."

Demosthenes was a stammerer, as every school-boy knows, but cured himself of the defect by incessant practice. There were also: A French king, Louis the stammerer; a Greek Emperor, Michael II.; Eric, King of Sweden; a French admiral, D'Annebaut, who headed an expedition against the Isle of Wight, in Henry VIII.'s reign; and the poet Malherbe, who had also the disagreeable habit of expectorating while reciting his verses, so that a wit said of him: "I have never seen a damper man or a dryer poet!"

Caumartin, keeper of the seals to the stammering Louis, stammered as badly as his master. So the king said justly: "He who ought to have helped me out of my difficulty has need of some one to speak for himself." Darwin, who sang the loves of the plants, and whose "Now stands Eliza on the wood-crowned height" is a favorite school-boy recitation; Mrs. Inchbald, the actress and authoress; Camille Desmoulins, one of the victor-victims of the French Revolution; and the painter David—all belonged to the stammering fraternity.

Deafness is an affliction which is popularly supposed to be incompatible with any successful mental exercise; but Beethoven composed, though deaf; La Condamme philosophized; and Le Sage created the immortal "Gil Blas."

Athenæus has devoted a lengthy passage to those worthies who have been distinguished for their obesity. An old

writer, whom he quotes, describes in this fashion Dionysius the tyrant of Heraclea:

"Having succeeded his father in the tyranny of his country, he gradually grew so corpulent through his daily excesses, that he was almost suffocated by his enormous mass of flesh. For this reason, his physician directed that he should be pierced in the sides and stomach with needles every time he fell asleep, and that they should be thrust through the fat until they reached the flesh, and he gave some indication of feeling them. If he had to discuss any business with a visitor, he concealed his body with a screen, so that only his face was visible; and in this guise he discoursed with those presented to him."

Athenæus, in the same chapter, speaks of several monarchs remarkable for their corpulence, and, among others, of Ptolemy VII. and his son Alexander. "The latter," says Posidonius, whom Athenæus quotes, "became so obese that he could scarcely walk unless supported by two persons. Nevertheless, when at his entertainments, he joined in the dance, he sprang without shoes from lofty couches, and executed the various measures with more vigor and agility than those accustomed to them."

At Rome, according to Aulus Gellius, the Roman knights who had grown too corpulent were condemned by the Censors to lose their horses.

In addition to those illustrious and obese gentlemen already named, we might cite William the Conqueror, whose corpulence provoked a rude jest from Philip of France, which led to a war which resulted in William's death; three fat French sovereigns—Charles the Fat, Louis the Fat, and Louis XVIII., or "The Desired," as his flatterers called him; Henry I., King of Navarre; Alphonso II., of Portugal, and Frederick I., of Wirtemberg, surnamed "The Elephant!"

Multum in parvo—much in little—

is a quaint old saying, whose truth has been signally illustrated by many dwarfish heroes, such as those famous heroes, Agesi-la-us, wisest of the Spartan kings; Lucinius Calvus, the Roman orator; and Lucius, the Roman actor. Amongst the moderns, our praises are due—either on account of genius, valor or virtue—to the great little men: Attila, the "Scourge of God;" Pepin the Little; Philip Augustus, an able king and a brave soldier, whose love for the fair Melanise is one of the most romantic pages in history; Albert the Great, whom the Pope, it is said, on one occasion, several times requested to rise, in the belief that he was still kneeling; the Portuguese navigator, Vasco di Gama, who first rounded the Cape of Good Hope; Erasmus the Reformer; Guiton, who so stoutly defended Rochelle against Cardinal Richelieu; Gibson, the painter, whose wife, too, was a dwarf three feet high, but the mother of nine children; Prince Eugène, the worthy comrade of the Duke of Marlborough; Maria Theresa, the "*noster rex*" of loyal Hungarian nobles; the Spanish admiral Gravina; and the wild and mysterious fabulist, the German Hoffman.

Nature, however, has no prejudice in favor of the little, and has bestowed upon the world many illustrious men of great stature. There were Edward III., a very son of Anak; Godfrey de Bouillon, the gallant crusader, whose deeds Tasso poetized and immortalized;

Monsey, Mortier and Kleber, French generals of great celebrity; Huss, the noted reformer; Rochester, the dissolute favorite of "The Merry Monarch," Charles II.; Sir Joseph Banks, the eminent naturalist; Gall, the parent of phrenology; Constant, the *savant*; David, the artist; and Cane, who established the "Gentleman's Magazine"—all men of gigantic stature.

Leaving giants and dwarfs, let us turn our attention to those illustrious men whom nature has endowed with remarkable strength, such as Edmund Ironsides of England; Baudouin the iron-armed, Count of Flanders; William, "the Bully," Duke of Aquitaine; Scanderbeg; Leonardi di Vinci, the famous artist; and the invincible Marshal de Saxe.

Great men have had other peculiarities, which we must not omit to notice. Thus, the body of the Roman Emperor Augustus was, according to Suetonius, covered with spots, and he had upon his chest certain natural marks, which disposed themselves into the shape of the constellation of Ursa Major. His left hip and limb were so feeble that he frequently limped on that side.

Alexander the Great, when walking, drooped his head, and his perspiration—if we may mention a thing so delicate—exhaled a most unpleasant odor. Great men, it seems, do not always smell sweet, even in the nostrils of their courtiers.

THE WRECK OF THE ALBATROSS.

BY JULIA M. DUNN.

OUT on the porch where the sunshine weaves
A shifting picture of vines and leaves,—

Where the bells of the morning-glory swing,
And butterflies poise on golden wing,—

With rosy cheeks and wind-tossed curls
Sits Alice, queen of the village girls.

The air is sweet with the breath of June;
The wild bee hums his drowsy tune;

And down in the meadow the children play,
With shouts of mirth, on the new-mown hay.

But Alice musing sits the while,
Her sweet lips apart in a dreamy smile:

"It is just two years this very day
Since the staunch ship Albatross sailed away;

"May the gales that wait on a homeward track
Waft ship and lover safely back!

"A vision last night with my dreams was blent,
And much do I marvel what it meant:

"A ship sailing fast over unknown seas,
Without so much as the faintest breeze.

"Glassy and green was the sea below;
White were her sails as the drifted snow.

"On, on, she flew like a frightened bird,
And her motionless crew spoke never a word.

"She anchored at last where the odorous bloom
Of a tropic island made sweet perfume.

"The shining shore of this foreign strand
Glittered with gems and golden sand;

"But no word of sorrow or joy or fear,
From this silent crew did I seem to hear;

"And naught of motion or speech or sound,
Broke the awful stillness that brooded round."

* * * * *

Where the sea-waves dash with a restless moan
On the shores of a tropic island lone,—

Where the air is faint with a rich perfume
Of a thousand plants of gorgeous bloom,—

Where the pearl's pale splendor lights the dusk,
And tropical odors of myrrh and musk

Steal like an incense on the air,
Blent in a sweetness strange and rare,—

With broken masts and slippery deck,
The Albatross lies—a stranded wreck!

Never a sound of living thing,
Save the flap of the weary sea-gull's wing;

Never a voice on its shores is heard,
Save the scream of some fire-winged forest bird.

With still white face and glassy eyes
Upturned to the starry twilight skies,

His feet in the lapping tides which slip
From the slimy deck of the stranded ship,

Is the lover of Alice, who sailed away
In the Albatross that summer day!

* * * * *

Long years have come, and passed away;
The sunny curls are changed to gray;

Her bloom is faded, her eye is dim,—
But still she watches and waits for him;

Waits and watches, and all in vain,
For her lover who sailed on the stormy main.

And ever the restless sea-waves toss
Over the wreck of the Albatross!

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A SOLUTION OF THE EIGHT-HOUR QUESTION.

BY FRED LOCKLEY.

DURING the Eight-Hour troubles which took place in Chicago in the spring of 1867, the journeymen horseshoers, at a club meeting, bluntly and honestly resolved as follows:

"Resolved, That we, the journeymen horseshoers of Chicago, demand ten hours' pay for eight hours' work."

In this brief clause lies embodied the sentiment of a large number of the working-class on the subject of the rights of industry. They feel that their relation to the other classes of society is not a just one. They are the producers of wealth; others reap the reward. Their lives are devoted to incessant and exhausting toil, for a bare pittance on which to support their families; while others, who do not soil their hands with labor, fare sumptuously every day. On the face of it, this shows a social injustice of which the producing classes are the victims. They brood over the subject during the long hours of their labor; they discuss the evil at their trades-meetings. The law governing the matter they do not comprehend; but they are moved by that natural restlessness which disturbs all when they feel that they are plundered or oppressed. At intervals some active cause presents itself which precipitates this accumulated ill-feeling into hasty action. We then hear of strikes, demands for shorter hours of labor, an attempted dictation of terms to employers, or a general agitation in behalf of a working-men's political party.

The Eight-Hour phase is the symptom of dissatisfaction to which I propose to confine this brief article.

It is the general belief of all writers

and thinkers on social topics, that there is a further need of education among the working-class. Steam having freed human industry from the necessity of struggling with inert nature, and the division of employments having relieved our housewives from the incessant occupation of a former day, increased opportunity should be afforded the useful classes for cultivating their mental powers. Furthermore, it is demonstrated that if you vouchsafe to one portion of the community the use of their intellect and confine another portion to the mere exercise of their muscles in the battle of life, the former will come out the winners. These truths, discussed and reiterated through the newspaper press and serial literature of the day, have won a ready acceptance with the class whose cause is under discussion.

But how is this desirable end to be brought about? A man who returns to his home exhausted with his long day's toil in the burning sun, or confined in a close workshop, is in no condition to engage in intellectual exercise. The mind sympathizes with the condition of the body; and, when the physical faculties are prostrated with fatigue, it is to ask herculean efforts of a man to require him to apply his evenings to study, that he may win for himself a fairer position in the social scale. This difficulty has presented itself to the minds of the leaders of the working-class, and the only feasible remedy they can propose is to shorten the hours of labor. This question being uninquiringly approved, a demand was made upon Congress and the State Legislatures to sanction by law what the whole

working-class conceived to be the first step toward a social readjustment. Political economy forming no part of the working-man's acquirements, he did not pause to consider that legislative enactments can not control a bargain entered into by two parties. Already the price of labor is so abnormally high in this country that we can not compete with the foreign manufacturer, and the markets of the world are almost closed to American goods. To reduce our labor by one-fifth would only be to still further aggravate the evil. Labor being the principal element of cost in a commodity, to enhance the price of that is to increase to a corresponding degree the cost of the article upon which that labor is expended. And as human industry gives value to every article which enters into our daily consumption, if you enhance the cost of production the expense of living is increased in the same ratio. For the Legislature of a State, then, to enact that a sum represented by eight shall be accepted as ten, is practically inoperative. They might, with equal force, enact that water shall flow up hill, or that every citizen shall be six feet high. In the days of Solon, when commercial intercourse between different commonwealths was interrupted and exceptional, such legislation might have had some validity; but in this age of steam and the universal interchange of industry for industry, such interference with the laws of exchange can not but be pernicious, and for the working-men to expect relief from such a source is to base their hopes upon a sandy foundation.

To argue the matter is not necessary, as the movement has already resulted in total failure. Not that the demand, intrinsically considered, was at all unreasonable. Man was created by his beneficent Maker for enjoyment. He has endowed him with faculties which require cultivation; He has ennobled

him with aspirations which lead forever onward. To condemn the whole producing class to ten hours' labor daily, is to substitute the means of life for the end, and to afford them no opportunity for mental improvement or bodily relaxation. Such a practice works permanent injury upon the class affected, since it renders them mere instruments of toil, bartering the intelligent use of their faculties to another for hire. The opportunity to associate with and circulate among their fellow-citizens, and feel an interest and take an equal share in the commercial enterprises of the day, is denied them. Hence their minds acquire the taint of labor; a feeling is engendered in their breasts which sets their interest in antagonism to that of other classes; they become narrow and selfish in their instincts, and thus that social friction is created which retards the progress of our race towards a better and more equitable state of society.

The great problem for solution is: How shall the industrial class have afforded to them shorter hours of toil, and still be enabled to support their families? And here I must touch upon a radical error in the policy of the trades-unions, which interposes the greatest stumbling-block to the realization of their desires. The object of these unions is to minimize a day's labor, and all their oppressive regulations are devoted to this one end. Only members of the union are allowed to work at a trade; the number of apprentices an employer may take is prescribed; and a man's daily share of labor is limited, a day's average work being based upon the capacity of a mediocre workman. Thus, during the bricklayers' strike in New York last summer, it was stated at a meeting of the master masons that, when wages were eighteen dollars a week, to lay two thousand bricks was accounted a fair day's work; and now

that wages were thirty dollars a week, a day's labor was limited to laying one thousand. The object of this wasteful and dishonorable policy is to so husband employment that there may be enough for all. They labor under the serious misapprehension that the consumption of a community is a fixed quantity, and that the interest of labor is best promoted by making the most possible out of the work requisite to meet the demand. They do not take into account the important fact that the people consume as much as they are able to purchase; and that, in proportion as production is facilitated, the demand is increased, since the community is able to purchase more. The prosperity of a country is determined by its capacity to create value; and if the wealth thus created can be equitably distributed, it is clear that the more that is produced the greater will be the general prosperity. A high rate of labor is no criterion of a working-man's prosperity, since the cost of living may be relatively higher than his wages; and when high wages result from a deficient supply, it is evident that the industry of the country is not fully employed, and, as a consequence, that the general consumption is abnormally restricted. Other evil consequences attend this depressed condition of industry. The foreign demand falls off, since our manufacturers can not compete with the cheaper labor of Europe; and capital, being diverted from its legitimate uses, is applied to an unholy speculation in grain and other staple commodities. In this way is inflicted upon the people much of the suffering that results from a state of scarcity; and all additional enhancements of wages, instead of mitigating the evil, only add to its severity.

Is it not clear, then, that if the reproductive class limit their operations, thus reducing the amount of value created, and rendering commodities scarce, their own well-being is affected

along with that of the rest of society? A deficient supply entails high prices; the people are able to purchase less; work falls off; our export trade suffers; and the anomaly is presented of capital lying idle (or applied to pernicious uses), while mechanics are without employment, and the people restricted in their consumption. Our fertile acres are lying untilled the while, our workshops idle, and the wealth of our mines untouched.

The working-man has yet to learn—the knowledge of which fact is of ultimate importance to his well-being—that the interest of his class is intimately bound up with that of the rest of society. He can not pursue a selfish policy, whereby he seeks to arrogate to himself exclusive advantages, without having a full share of the mischief he is willing to inflict upon others rebound upon his own head. He can not have high wages without a correspondingly high cost of living; and all attempts to secure to himself a more valuable return for his labors, by a line of action based upon selfishness and repression, will only result in defeat. He can only move in a circle.

Bastiat remarks: "The mind which has infused harmony into the movements of celestial bodies, is also capable of introducing order into the internal mechanism of society." Let us see whether a more generous policy promises better for bringing about some approach to order in our social relations. I will preface my argument by a simile. Let us suppose a city, deriving its water-supply from a vast reservoir fed by numerous springs. These material agents act by organic laws; the waste is constantly repaired by the steady streams pouring in; and the health and comfort of the citizens are largely promoted by the unfailing supply of this vital element. Each of the streams pouring into this reservoir represents the contribution to the national gain

derived from the useful industry of every reproductive workman. If the working community devote their energies to the creation of value, and the distribution is made with any approach to fairness, it is clear that the supply will be sufficient to meet the wants of all, and a happy era of abundance and prosperity will be secured. But suppose the many springs which keep this reservoir full should suddenly become animated with human motives. One set of springs interrupt their supply because their unstinted volume has rendered water too cheap;—all other fluids have a certain market value attached to them, but water commands no price—it is too common. Other springs cease flowing because they refuse to mingle their pearly current with the more turbid waters which flow from a source further south. Others again will only flow if the engineer will devise some method of depressing the reservoir, as they find it disagreeable to flow up hill, and have constitutional objections to being forced into a motion contrary to their natural bent. These and numerous other supposed causes of jealousy, by influencing the springs to withhold their national current, so diminish the volume of water that a drouth is inflicted upon the city, causing death and deprivation to a large number.

Let us suppose this lesson learnt by the industrial class, and a determination infused into their minds to contribute to the measure of their best energies to the general weal. Every agency is to be applied to the creation of value. Steam machinery will be indefinitely multiplied, the workman aiding with unstinting diligence; woman's skillful fingers will be called upon for aid, and the enfranchised negro will take his part in the general production. What will be the effect of this sudden industrial stimulus? Will labor lose its value because of the supply so far exceeding the demand. Not as I under-

stand it. I can see no fear of a nation producing too much, and the whole community languishing because of excessive wealth. We shall want more commodious houses, and should not hurt with a more wholesome and more generous supply of food; also, our consumption of wearing apparel and cabinet ware could be indefinitely extended. These elementary wants being supplied, then the gratification of our esthetic tastes becomes necessary. We shall want books to fill our shelves, objects of art to adorn our parlors, more extended travel to store our minds with observation, and various accomplishments to grace the minds of our wives and daughters.

Can it not be seen that, in so favorable a state of society as is here supposed, there will be less crime, less drunkenness, less misery? The vast sums that are now absorbed in demoralizing or illicit practices, and in punishing offenders, could, under more happy surroundings, be mainly applied to purposes devoted to the beautiful in art and the pure in morality. "In the commonwealths of Athens and Rome," says Gibbon, "the modest simplicity of private houses announced the equal condition of freedom, whilst the sovereignty of the people was represented in the majestic edifices designed to the public use."

The triumphs of modern science in giving power to inert matter and enlisting the rude elements in the processes of useful industry, have so facilitated the means of production, that, as we see, all may be provided with enough and still a large surplus remain unconsumed. Here, then, is the time to introduce the Eight-Hour question. If, by the increase of intelligence, removing a large share of the prevailing vice and crime, and harmonizing the present social divisions and class antagonisms, we can avoid the friction that now retards our progress, what is

to stand in the way of the whole community profiting by the improved condition, and having some exemption afforded them from the incessant toil of the present day? It has been judged from experience, and admitted by the best authorities, that the labor of twenty-five persons will procure all the common necessaries of life—such as food, drink, wearing apparel, shelter, and so forth—for one hundred. With the extension of steam machinery, the industrial force of the country can be indefinitely increased; and it is the belief of the present writer, founded upon the experience of the many communities which have flourished in our midst—such, for instance, as the Harmonists, the Ebenezers, the Shakers, and numerous others—that where a spirit of social harmony prevails, and the various operations of society are performed with a due regard to economy and directness, six hours' labor per diem will be found amply sufficient to meet all the wants of our advanced civilization, and also enable the American manufacturer to compete with the foreign producer in supplying the markets of the world.

This pleasant picture will, perhaps, be accepted by the reader as a good enough theory; but there are difficulties in the way of its realization which he would first like to see removed. He perceives in these pages a disapproval of the policy of trades-unions. If they were dissolved, how is labor to be protected against the inroads of capital? Further, he has an abiding conviction that if the reproductive forces of the country were exerted to their full capacity, employers would still keep up the price of their merchandise, consumption would not keep pace with production, wages would fall from the glut in the market, and one-half the working-men would soon be without employment.

To these objections I would reply

that, if the working-men really wish to avail themselves of the improved possibilities which our increased reproductive facilities have placed within their grasp, they must step out of the time-worn grooves in which their forefathers traveled, and make practical application of the advancements in social science, which are the most important achievements of the age. Are they willing to accept the wages system as a finality? Are they still satisfied to regard labor as a horse, which must be ridden by its master, capital? If the spirit of the working-men remains so slavish that they can make no general and persistent effort to deliver themselves from the thralldom of capital, then the sooner all agitation about reduced hours of labor, increased opportunities of study, and more cheerful and comfortable homes for the working-class, is stilled, the better for all. Is it not apparent that while capital is allowed to direct and control the energies of labor, the former will appropriate the lion's share of the reward, and inequality of distribution will remain the great social evil of our generation? One man in New York reports an income last year of over three million dollars, derived from the labors of sixty thousand work-people. Is there any justice in the system which suffers this one man to acquire and hoard up superfluous wealth, while the vast army of mechanics who work for his aggrandizement receive barely enough to supply the wants of their families? Can any class of men expect to thrive in their business while they permit a second party to mulct them so ruinously for the privilege of pursuing it?

Again, after the working-man has submitted to the extortion of his employer, he voluntarily subjects himself to another tax which eats out the vitals of the whole industrial community. One-fourth of our entire population are engaged in the various processes of

exchanging products. Can any machinery of distribution more cumbrous, more costly, or more inefficient, be conceived than our present system of retail trade? The interest of the purchaser being set in opposition to that of the trader, we see every paltry and dishonorable shift resorted to to render the ultimate cost of the daily necessities of life the highest possible to the helpless consumer. All this vast number of commercial men—merchants, jobbers, book-keepers, retail tradesmen, and so on—have to be supported by the industry of those who create value. For these classes produce nothing; they add value to nothing; their sole service to the community is to transfer commodities from the producer to the consumer—and in so clumsy and indirect a manner is this trust performed, that frequently the article has quadrupled in cost in its mere transit from the former to the latter.

And yet further: After the working-man has allowed his employer to make the first serious deduction from his earnings, and then permits the task of supplying necessities to his table to be performed so clumsily that the purchasing power of what remains to him of his earnings is impaired one-fourth, he still further impoverishes himself by his shiftless and extravagant habits. The sum expended annually in intoxicating liquors would pay the greater part of the national debt. The writer has no intention of charging the American workman with the habit of intemperance; but there is no disguising the fact that the larger share of this wasteful expenditure comes out of the pockets of the wages class. I can point to a workshop where twenty-three hands are employed, and it is rare that more than fourteen or fifteen of this number are to be seen at their places on Monday. One day in every six is devoted to debauch. In addition to this prevailing vice, a large proportion of the working

community—especially the unmarried—have a foolish habit of spending their money without deriving any good from it. You may go into any workshop or factory in this country or Europe, and fully one-half of the inmates will be found permanently penniless and in debt to their trades-people and shop-mates.

If the chief movers in the trades-unions are sincere in their endeavors to promote the interest of the members, they will use their influence to instill these and similar wholesome views into the minds of their followers. They should be led to see that their welfare as individuals and as a class is bound up in that of the community. Their present narrow policy of hostility and devotion to class interests, which is constantly shown in strikes, unfaithful service and unreasonable demands, is as harmful to themselves as to those against whom it is employed. As their industry is their sole source of wealth, so it is the main support of the whole country; and if, through false relations, they are defrauded of that equitable award which is due to their services, is it not more truly their interest to unite their efforts for the adjustment of these false relations, than to add to the entanglement by fighting wrong with wrong?

The present writer has no war to wage with trades-unions. He recognizes that some form of association is necessary for the protection of the laborer. The helpless operative who, friendless and alone, would be crushed beneath the heel of a rapacious employer, is by their aid enabled to assert his rights as a free citizen, and to win fair treatment from a class who have learned to recognize the force that sustains him. But while they accomplish thus much good, they are also open to the charge of propagating much pernicious doctrine. In the labor congresses which are annually held at much cost

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to the working-man, instead of incessantly harping upon politics, and ventilating false theories in regard to the de-ranged currency, why do they not take hold of those vital matters upon which the morals, the health, and the happiness of the present generation, and generations yet to come, mainly depend? Let the above enumerated sources of loss and waste be exhibited and iterated and dwelt upon, and the lesson roundly enforced, that while the producing class are willing to conduct their affairs thus loosely and unskillfully, poverty and incessant toil must be their portion. Could a merchant hope to succeed in business who burdened himself with a large share of unnecessary expense, who allowed his employes to filch a portion of his profits, and who devoted but half his energies to the prosecution of his pursuit? That the intelligent working-class permit their productive energies to be neutralized by this fatal inattention to their interests and such false political economy, is due to the fact that their leaders are unfit for the responsible positions to which they have been elevated, and that they are taught to obey more readily the counsels of their passions than of their common sense. It would be starting them upon a new career if they could only be raised out of that dogged selfishness which forms so unamiable a feature in the working class, and learn to recognize the fact that their interest is identical with that of the rest of society; that their welfare consists in an era of plenty and low prices, and that the greater the abundance that prevails the more freely the wants of the community can be supplied. Should the objection be urged that low wages are not always compensated by a low cost of living, and that the speculator will derange the natural relation of supply and demand to his own aggrandizement and the impoverishment of those who

are subject to his exactions, I would say, why tolerate him in your midst? He is a foe to thrift, to economy, and the proper distribution of gains and rewards; he produces nothing, he adds value to nothing, and you have the means of holding commercial relations with the producer without calling upon his interference at all. I have no space to dwell upon the beneficial effects attending the establishment of coöperative stores in Western Europe, but their unlooked-for success has demonstrated the fact that the distribution of commodities can be effected at a mere fraction of its present cost, and that the existing antagonism of interest between buyer and seller can be effectually removed by the appointment of agents who shall perform the trust in the interest of the consumers themselves.

One pervading error in the influence of trades-unions is to regard the wages system as a permanent relation—a finality. While this voluntary submission to the rule of another class possesses the minds of the working-men, they need never seek for an amelioration of their condition, since one order of things excludes the other.

"Jove fixed it certain that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away;"

and from a long and bitter experience of the relation of an employé, I can confidently state that a man only imperfectly enjoys the boon of existence until he is emancipated from the thralldom of a master, and can stand forth in the presence of earth and heaven as his own free agent. Says a British Quarterly Reviewer:

"We do not regard the status of hired laborers as destined to be the permanent condition of any persons but those whose low intellectual or moral calibre unfits them for independence. The tendency of advancing civilization is to supersede the relation of employer and employed by that of partnership,

either between operatives and capitalists or among operatives themselves. The continued warfare which is everywhere going on between masters and workmen, in the shape of strikes and turn-outs, is indicative of the approaching dissolution of a mode of connection which has neither dignity nor fairness to recommend it. The course of human development will gradually eliminate both landlords and capitalists from the social organism; the position of the former will be occupied by the state on behalf of society, and the position of the latter will be taken by managers elected and removable by associated artisans collectively possessing the capital in their business, and dividing the profits among themselves."

But it must be remembered that this desirable consummation will not be brought about without effort. Let the working-class become once imbued with the feeling that it is disgraceful to their manhood, as well as injurious to their interests, to remain the hired vassals of capital, and a feeling will then be developed which will spare no effort to shake off the yoke. They have the pecuniary means. The deposits in the savings banks of Ohio amount to

forty-six million dollars; in Pennsylvania they exceed fifty million dollars; in New Hampshire they reach twenty-seven million dollars. Most of these large sums are the savings of the wages class. If the true spirit of commercial enterprise possessed the minds of these people, they would not be content with having their accumulated capital lie comparatively idle; but would be eager to invest in coöperative industrial establishments, thus enabling themselves to rise to the dignity of being their own employers, and also securing to themselves the full reward of their industry.

In the road thus indicated lies the only way to the successful solution of the Eight-Hour question. In order to live by fewer hours of labor, the working-man must render his industry more valuable, he must secure to himself a larger share of his earnings, and he must be less wasteful in his personal habits. With these reforms introduced into his manner of doing business, he will be enabled more successfully to compete with his antagonist—the capitalist; and this menacing evil of our social condition—the inequality of reward—will be effectually removed.

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THE MAN UNDER THE BED: A STORY OF THE LAKE CITY.

BY ED. PORTER THOMPSON.

"Love will never bear enslaving;
 Summer garments suit him best;
 Bliss itself is not worth having,
 If we're by compulsion blest."

THE strangest little farce has recently been enacted in our neighboring city of Chicago. My friend Jim Drywitt figured in it as one of the chief actors; and the details of the affair have amused me to such an extent that I should feel that I had defrauded the public of a good thing were I longer to withhold it. As is always the case in the peculiar episodes of this humdrum life, a woman was at the bottom of it; but her conduct upon this occasion was such as may safely be held up for emulation—seeing that, though "the course of true love never did run smooth," a little feminine tact and steady nerve may contribute wonderfully, in the end, to quieting down the ruffled current.

Jim Drywitt was always what we call "an old boy," and on meeting him, even now in his mature and lusty manhood, it is with difficulty that a former schoolmate can resist the temptation to stick pins in him, with the view to seeing him make sudden and angular movements, so wholly contrary they are to his usual manner of deporting himself; and our only safeguard against the danger of falling into this rude practical joking lies in the fact that we may take the next best thing, and grin to our hearts' content as we pronounce and linger over each well-remembered sobriquet, till Jim the school-boy seems to have come back to us, rather than "Mr. James Drywitt, Wholesale Hardware Dealer, Chicago."

In the days when we whipped tops and played at marbles together, and

our chief exercise of ingenuity consisted in detecting the critical moment when we could safely count on biting an apple or executing some peculiar piece of pantomime without attracting the master's attention, the present Mr. Drywitt was known by a half-dozen distinctive appellations, chief among which were "Old Jim," "Jeems the Sober," "Nimble Jim," (ironical, this latter was), and "Pet Bear," the last in reference to his stout, dignified, and otherwise bruin-like appearance.

But school-days will be over all too soon, though to the adolescent throng they appear to be interminable; and our friend Drywitt had hardly attained to his majority before he hied away to the great Lake City, and, as I have said, having always been "an old boy," he had so improved his time at school, notwithstanding his thousand-and-one annoyances, as to be well fitted for business, which he speedily found in the hardware establishment of an old friend of his father's. He had been there five years last autumn, and so well had he improved his opportunities and saved his means that he became at that time a partner in the house, instead of an employé; and the world bid fair to go very well with old Mr. Drywitt's erewhile shock-headed son.

It was my fortune to meet him at that period, as I had some time expected to do. I had heard of his prosperity, and naturally thought to find him in as exuberant spirits as he was ever known to indulge. But imagine my astonishment on first beholding him, after his five years' absence, to find him wan and cadaverous, hollow-eyed and hungry-looking, shaky in the

knees, unsteady of arm, and almost listless!

"Heavens, Mr. Drywitt!" said I—startled for the moment from the proper sense of decorum, and speaking to the merchant rather than to the school-boy—"are you *dead*, Mr. Drywitt?"

He smiled a kind of grim, ghastly, graveyard smile, as he took my hand and shook it with tremulous vehemence, but said nothing. "Ah!" said I to myself, "this isn't the same old Jim, by any means; and yet the change is not at all what I expected. Something wrong here!" But I forbore to question him till after he had had some refreshment and rest—he having just completed a tiresome journey; and then a friendly inquiry as to the state of his health elicited the necessary information on all points connected with his welfare, as follows, and showed him to me in a new role:

"Jeems, my friend," said I, "is it true that Chicago is such a dreadfully unwholesome and pestilent place that even strong men can not resist the encroachments of disease?"

"Unwholesome!" he exclaimed, with a start; "why, there isn't a city on the continent that can boast of a finer sanitary character and condition than ours."

"But yourself?" I suggested, in a half-questioning way, and glancing at his sallow cheeks.

At this he turned upon me a mournful look, and, clenching his right hand, smote violently upon his breast, but without uttering a word.

"What!" said I, "consumption?"

"Oh, no!" he answered, "it is the heart! the mind! 'Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?'"

"Ah-ha!" I exclaimed, smitten with astonishment, as much by hearing "Old Jim" quote a poet as by the fact of his having been reduced to the verge of the grave by the derangement of feeling; "I see! I see!" But this was

uttered rather unconsciously, for I didn't see at all. There was nothing like either the whilom "Lumber Jim" or the "Pet Bear" in this man before me, but rather of the worn-out and broken-spirited traveler, laid away in some city hospital to die. "But," I resumed, after a moment's pause, "I thought you were prosperous and happy."

"Prosperous I am, in a certain sense; but happy, no!"

I could go no further. Mr. Drywitt was no longer a boy of any kind, and most decidedly was he no more the boy against whom we had mercilessly cracked our jokes a few years before. I felt that I had no right to indulge an idle curiosity at the expense of my friend's feelings, and I therefore relapsed into silence, thus leaving him free to speak or not, as he should choose. I did not even look at his face, lest he should detect an interrogation point in my eye. But my delicacy was wholly unnecessary, or at least served only to impress him with a notion of my sense of propriety; for he presently called me to attention by thrusting the index finger of his left hand into my side with such force that I felt for a moment that the "Pet Bear" had come to life. I turned to find him gazing at me with something of the old look of simplicity and strength in his eyes, while a shade of embarrassment was slowly stealing over his face. Seeing me ready to listen, he bent over toward me, raised his hand with an awkward but emphatic gesture, and rather growled than pronounced the single monosyllable—"Love!"

"Gracious, Jeems!" I exclaimed, "what do you mean? Love is a good thing."

"Mine isn't!"

"But, my friend," I continued, "even 'puppy love' is a charming weakness, a most delicious state of"—

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interrupting me; "you ought to know, for you used to have a spell with every change of classes at school."

"Good!" cried I, slapping him on the shoulder; "now you begin to be yourself again! now you make yourself a credit to the Drywitt family, as you used to be." I began to feel hopeful. "Yes," I went on, "love is a good thing—

'For what can earth produce but love,
To represent the joys above!'"

"Puppy love' may be," he replied, "but mind isn't of that kind. With me—

'A mighty pain to love it is,
And yet a pain that love to miss;
But of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain!'"

This was spoken in such a peculiar die-away manner, and so wholly different from that of the ere-time "Nimble Jim," that I should have laughed outright had he not turned on me a look so woe-begone that I began involuntarily to feel the deepest commiseration for him, and instead of rallying him was rather desirous of learning the history of a passion evidently so unhappy that it was about to hurry my friend into an untimely grave. So I desisted from all manifestation of levity, and merely asked:

"What! not reciprocated?"

"Oh, yes, it is!"

"How comes it, then, that you are so wretched about it? Obstacles in the way?"

"That's it!" he hissed between his clenched teeth, and for the first time evincing vehement anger; "that's it—obstacle! barrier! in fact, a Chinese wall!" and his whole air and manner were so strange for him that he seemed for the moment to lose his identity.

"Tell me about it," said I.

"I will," he said; "you're a kind-hearted fellow, Ned, if you did once take too much pleasure in stirring up

the poor Bear," and my suffering friend put on a faint smile, as we have seen the sunlight struggle through a deep cloud, on a gloomy day, and for a moment overspread the face of nature.

"Well," said I.

"Yes," he began; "I will tell you, because, as I said, you are a good fellow, Ned, a good fellow."

"I know that," I replied, for I perceived that, after all, poor Jim was a little suspicious of me, and was merely throwing out such expressions as these for a kind of feeler, to elicit some special assurance of my sympathy—a conditional promise on my part that I would take the whole thing seriously, instead of laughing at him, as he evidently entertained some idea I would do. So I thought to have my little smile in the beginning, and then really to settle down into the required degree of soberness, and fully acknowledge all the sympathy that I did truly feel for the disconsolate Jeems. "Yes," I said, making it a point thus to rally him a little at the start, "I know that, Jim," and I shook my head gravely, without looking up. But I felt renewed hope when I heard a low chuckle proceed from my friend, as I knew thereby that there was "life in the old Jim yet." "And you are, too, Jim," I added.

"Am I, though?"

"You are, indeed, Jim,—if you only would ever tell me any thing."

"Do you really wish to know?"

"To know what?"

"To know that—why, to know, to know—that is, to know that I am really very miserable?"

"You've told me that already."

"I know I have; but to tell you *how* miserable I am?"

"I've pretty accurately estimated the extent of your sufferings," I went on; "but tell me the cause of them—that's what I'm after."

"Sure enough!" he answered, catching and again settling down to the

gloominess of melancholy from which I had hoped to arouse him. "Sure enough, I must tell you the cause of them, but" (he said this with an effort, and seemingly under the apprehension that I would be displeased) "say, now, Ned, won't you really laugh at me?"

As I raised my head, he looked at me with some of the old simplicity, and a great deal of the old modesty and bashful reserve in his countenance, and I needed nothing further to prevent me from indulging in additional banter.

"No," I replied; "no, Jim, I will not laugh at you. I do really sympathize with you, and would be glad, if I could, to afford you not only sympathy, but aid."

"I knew it!" he exclaimed, as he brought his hand down on my knee; "but then, as for aid, that's past hoping for. I'm a doomed man, Ned."

"Let us trust not."

"Past hoping for, my dear fellow—but you shall hear, nevertheless: A year ago, finding myself in possession of some little disposable means, and learning that a small but beautiful cottage, situated on Green street, not far from its intersection with Hubbard, could be purchased on advantageous terms, I accordingly concluded a bargain with the owner, and the lot, with appurtenant buildings, was duly made over to me. So delighted was I with my purchase, that I resolved at once to take up my lodgings there, as some relief, even if I should come to determine it only temporary, from the not too pleasant hotel accommodations to which I had long been treated east of the north branch of the Chicago, near my place of business. In a short time I had transferred all my personal effects from my boarding-house, had purchased such other articles as were necessary to fit up a single apartment in comfortable style, and found myself, one pleasant evening, snugly established

as a bachelor, *at home*. The novelty of the situation pleased me, as I was always inclined to be quiet and retired"—

"Jeems," said I, at this point, almost forgetting myself again, "I am aware of that."

"Yes," he responded, "I believe you are. Well, as I said, the novelty pleased me; and I went on for some time fancying myself the happiest of men. In the morning I rose with the lark—only we don't really have any larks in Chicago—"

Here detecting, as I thought, something like a dry humor, that we used to observe in Jim, beginning to reassess itself, I thought I might safely indulge in a little smothered laugh; but it was short-lived, for the ray in him was evanescent, and I had scarcely manifested my appreciation before he groaned a dreadfully admonitory groan, and I relapsed into solemnity.

"Yes," he now went on, "I rose early every morning, and after setting my room to rights, I proceeded to a neat and exceedingly well-provided restaurant on Milwaukee avenue, two or three squares away, where I have taken my meals ever since I removed to my cottage. Getting my breakfast here, I proceeded to my place of business on Ohio street, between the north branch and the lake shore. Returning in the evening by the same route, I took supper; and by this arrangement, you observe, I was subjected to no manner of inconvenience as regarded my meals, except the one at the middle of the day. But 'a change came o'er the spirit of my dreams,'"—

Hearing this additional quotation from the poets, I slightly started; but he laid his hand upon me in a deprecatory manner, as much as to say that he wouldn't do it any more, and I became composed again.

"After some weeks of this kind of happiness," he resumed, "I became

fascinated with a star out of my sphere, and was—lost!"

"You certainly didn't do any thing unworthy of a man, my friend?"

"But I did; I acted the fool. I suffered myself to become enamored of one above my station, whom I proposed to drag down, and would have done it had not some one put in a remonstrance—a very practical remonstrance!"

"The lady, then, I understand you, was willing to be dragged?"

"She was."

"It seems to me, that being the case, that you are not the great fool you would lead us to believe."

"But I am. Why didn't I see at first that I was only destroying her happiness as well as my own when I devoted myself to the task of winning her affections! Why didn't I reflect that I was only a poor clerk, and find out sooner that she was an heiress! that I was a stranger withal, and not the sort of man anyhow to win fathers and mothers—why didn't I?"

"Love is blind," I remarked.

"Sure enough; but it doesn't follow that his devotees shall be blind, deaf, and mentally obtuse."

"And you mutually love each other, you say?"

"Love each other!" and his pale cheeks began to grow red, and his frame to work convulsively. "I adore her, and she isn't indifferent to me. She plainly says so. She even devised a scheme once by which I could secure her, whether the old people said so or not; but we were betrayed—grossly betrayed, and—here I am!"

"How came you to fall into this state at the first?"

"Why, one evening as I was returning to my bachelor's home, light-hearted and 'fancy free,' I met a young lady passing up Green street. Though simply and plainly dressed, there was something in her air that attracted my atten-

tion the moment she appeared, though she was yet some distance off, and my eyes were involuntarily fixed upon her; so that, by the time we met, my gaze had almost assumed the disagreeable character of a stare. She merely glanced at me, but it was enough to show me that she was surpassingly beautiful and possessed of such winning grace as to make the very atmosphere about her appear blest.

"We had scarcely passed each other, however, before an accident happened which, though subjecting me to temporary inconvenience, had the effect to attract her attention to me in a favorable manner. Upon that slight incident hung my fate; and, though it was the doing of an act of kindness, my reward, despite of her approval, is life-long bitterness, to say the least of it!"

"But don't say that," I exclaimed. "Don't forget that though you have not received the recompense of reward yet, you may, after all."

"Not in this world!"

"Let us admit that in a direct manner you may not. Still, your troubles may prove a necessary part of that discipline which is to project you forward in that path of superior manhood which I remember you to have elected, some years ago, to follow."

"Yes, I have thought of that; but of what use can be disappointment and pain when they eat like a canker into all the springs of life?"

"Go on with your story."

"Well, as I said, we passed each other, but had scarcely done so when a poor woman, who was driving along the middle of the street in a small market wagon, was jerked violently to the ground by her horse, some part of whose harness gave way, leaving him free to move forward and drag her out suddenly by the reins. She landed in the mud, which at that season and in that locality was dreadful. I hastened to her assistance, and, having helped

her to her seat in her little vehicle, I caught her horse and harnessed him again to the wagon. I was muddy from top to toe when the work was completed; but the poor woman showered her thanks upon me, and I turned away with a light heart, notwithstanding my sorry plight. Glancing up the street as I did so, I found that my fair enchantress had stopped but a short distance off, and had evidently observed the whole scene. She turned hastily away when I looked toward her, but not before I had caught a glimpse of a pleased smile, the remembrance of which I carried home with me and pondered over all the evening. I flattered myself that despite of all the probabilities to the contrary, it was one of approbation; and that night I dreamed of more beauty and radiance and love than ever warmed the imagination of Scheherazade."

"That's rather fanciful, isn't it?"

"It's truth!"

"Well."

"Well, as you may suppose, when I went on the street again I watched eagerly for the form of the only woman who had ever, in any positive manner, enlisted my feelings. It was some three or four days afterwards, when I chanced to stroll out, after supper one evening, along Milwaukee avenue, that I met her again. I fell into a tremor of excitement as we approached each other, and was no doubt looking flurried and awkward; but I had the satisfaction to see that she recognized me, and as she acknowledged it by a gracious inclination of the head, I almost felt as if I would drop down on the pavement."

"Desperate case, Jeems!"

"Yes, desperate case. There I was, hopelessly in love with a woman to whom I had never spoken, and of whom I knew nothing, save that she seemed to have been pleased with the manner in which I performed an act of kindness for an humble stranger. But it was my

fortune, or misfortune, soon to learn who she was. It became necessary in a day or two for me to repair in the evening to the house of one of our chief merchants, to arrange a business transaction which had been on foot during the day, and which my employers had entrusted to me.

"Imagine my surprise when, upon my having rung at the door, it was opened by the very lady about whom I had for some time been deranged! My agitation at beholding her was so great that I stood quite still, when she glanced at my card and bade me to walk into the library, as her father, she said, was expecting me; and it was not until she had repeated her invitation, and begun to grow much confused herself, that I found myself capable of moving forward. She showed me to the room designated, and retired, and I was soon deeply engaged with the old gentleman in arranging the business in hand; but I could not but indulge in the most positive self-reproach as I concluded it and turned away to my cottage (which now assumed an air of loneliness for me), for having suffered myself to fall into such an absorbing passion for one whom I now knew to be the daughter of one of our most wealthy and influential citizens, and a recognized belle of Chicago. The old gentleman, seeing that the transaction, on the part of our house, had been committed to me, took occasion during the evening to ask me curtly, 'Partner, sir?' 'No, sir,' I replied, 'only confidential clerk'—and he again eyed me narrowly, as he had before done in the morning, when I first saw him, and our business went on to a satisfactory conclusion. I was at that time almost on the point of becoming a partner, and I have regretted bitterly since then that I did not do so before that interview with old Mr. ——. I am afraid that that word, 'clerk,' was the key which opened a Pandora's box for me."

"Touch lightly on the poetry, Jeems," said I; "you divert me from the gentle melancholy which begins to creep over me from the very nature of the subject."

"Very well. I will make short of a long story. It is scarcely necessary to tell how I gradually came to be a visitor to the family, and found various occasions on which I might enjoy the company of the lady. In my awkward way—and far more, I think, by looks and actions than words—I found means to acquaint her with the desperate nature of my passion; and stranger yet, as I have intimated, she fully reciprocated it. Meanwhile, I had become a partner in the house with which I had all along been connected, and believing myself established in business, resolved to break the case to the parents, and, if their consent could be obtained, to marry. But I was doomed to disappointment. They received my proposal with disdain, and forbade me their house!"

"Monstrous!" said I.

"Yes, it was cruel. She joined her entreaties to mine, but all to no purpose. They had already decided against me, in effect, before we made known our engagement, for they had resolved upon a marriage of ambition and convenience, and my rival in their favor was the son of a certain broker, reputed to be almost fabulously wealthy. He had long been one among the suitors who thronged her"—

"Boasting now, Jeems, are you?" said I.

"No, not boasting; but it is strange that she should favor me, bashful and ungainly as I am, rather than any of the gay young gentlemen who did throng her most persistently.

"Well, as I said, this man whom her parents had selected had long been a suitor, but so disagreeable a one that she rather loathed than desired his company, and was not aware of the inten-

tion of her parents to force her upon him whether or not, until after I had preferred my suit to them. But now they commanded her to think no further of any one else than this man, and declared that she should henceforth receive no other male visitors. This dreadful tyranny, combined with her disappointment, almost drove her mad; and for me, I was frantic. We managed to meet again, soon afterwards, despite their vigilance as we thought, but really by their contrivance; for her attendant, in whom she confided, instead of retiring from the room which she prepared for our interview, as we thought she had, concealed herself in it, and heard every word that was uttered. She had been bribed by the parents, and straightway informed them of a plan of elopement upon which we had agreed. The consequence was that, despite all our ingenuity, we have since been debarred from meeting, and have not been able to exchange letters for a single time. I learn that the favorite of her parents is an almost constant visitor at the house, and that they vow she shall be subjected to the most rigid surveillance till she consents to marry him."

"Hard case!" said I. "But what do you mean to do?"

"I know of nothing that I can do but to suffer!"

"To suffer and be strong?" I queried—rather lightly, I am afraid.

"To suffer and be weak!" he answered. "I have lost my interest in life, and you behold me the most miserable of men!"

I could but condole with my poor friend. I plainly perceived that all the depths of his quiet but profound nature had been stirred, and that he was really about to be wrecked upon the rock of his affections, which should have been to him a sure anchor of peace.

But "vain is the help of man," I

mentally repeated over and over again. I could see no means of delivering him from the suffering and the danger, and beyond the mere matter of trying to encourage a more hopeful view of the case I made no attempt to go. A more outrageous instance of that stretch of parental authority, in which they presume even "to fight against God," I did not remember to have known; and so far was I now from being inclined to indulge in jest and banter with him, that I was affected to unfeigned pity, and treated him during the remainder of his stay in our community with all the tenderness due to those who sit in the shadow of a great grief, and all the real respect proper to accord to one whom men had known on 'Change as the business man of broad views, excellent judgment, and good habits, "Mr. James Drywitt, Wholesale Hardware Dealer, Chicago."

Some two months after the conversation above noted, it chanced that in my peregrinations I had stopped at a hotel in the beautiful little city of C—, on *La Belle Riviere*, and was sitting at a window of my room which commanded a view of the wharf. A steamer was at that moment coming down, so that my attention was naturally attracted in that direction. Presently the vessel rounded to, and among the passengers who debarked there I noticed one gentleman whose movements struck me so forcibly that I was in a moment wholly absorbed in observing him. "What!" I soliloquized, "can that be Jim Drywitt? But no—Jim must be dead by now, or at least dried up and safely stowed away in some nook in Chicago. That can't be Jim."

Never having been in the habit of corresponding with him, I had simply wondered for awhile after he had left me what turn his case had taken; and then, in the bustle of business, had for a time lost thought of him, except on

some lonely occasions, when the mind would naturally go back in retrospection and linger over the more gloomy or touching phases of life. But this presence at once brought him vividly to mind, and I found myself so much interested that I sat staring out upon the scene below as one who had seen a spectre. After a little bustle in the crowd of passengers who had landed, and the usual confusion consequent upon the hackmen's struggles to secure customers, I saw the man who had attracted my attention hand a lady into a carriage, and follow her thither. "Surely," thought I, "that must be Jim. That air, that gait! who else could furnish so perfect a counterpart?" I satisfied myself that his destination was to the house where I was staying, and then resolved to wait until after they could be settled, when, I proposed to myself, I would keep an eye open in order to ascertain who the individual was.

A half-hour afterwards, when I was quietly reading in my room, I was suddenly brought to my feet by a rap! rap! rap! on my door that fairly shook the room. To my invitation to "Come in," the individual responded promptly, and there, sure enough, was Jim Drywitt—bodily before my eyes—his identity unmistakable; but now, instead of the cadaverous person whom I had seen two months before, this was the Jim of the olden time—the true "Old Jim"—the veritable "Pet Bear" that we used to stir up at school. Considering his wonted gravity, he appeared to be in any thing but sober spirits; and as I knew his aversion to all intoxicating drinks, I readily perceived that good fortune had in some way attended him. Health bloomed in his manly cheeks, and joy sparkled in his honest eye, while an unwonted flow of feeling seemed to be gushing over, and imparting to his motions something of mad activity. I was so surprised that I

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dropped my book, and involuntarily dropped into an attitude of defense, as though I expected to be attacked. He seized my hand and wrung it violently. He then dropped into a chair, and, pulling off his hat, gave himself two or three vigorous fans, although it was mid-winter, and the room was by no means uncomfortably heated.

"Hi, Jeems!" I exclaimed, after the effects of the first surprise were past, "what change has come over your fortunes that, instead of being invited to your funeral, I now see you in this happy condition?"

"Got her!" was his sententious reply, as he brought his fist down upon a table by his side with a force that made it quake.

"What! that same one you were dying about?"

"That same one! Whom else could you ever think of?"

"Ah! Jim," I replied, "you are a sly dog. How did you manage it?"

"I! I didn't manage it at all. *She* managed it."

"She!"

"Yes, indeed, *she*! I should have been consigned to the shades long before now if it hadn't been for her."

"Do tell me about it."

"I will, sure! It's a good story—it would even make 'interesting reading,' as our old friend, H. G., has it. I'll do it."

"Any poetry in it now, Jeems?"

"Poetry! It's a complete poem in itself, and a dramatic one—only I can't tell it just as it should be done."

"Well," said I, seating myself conveniently, "I am anxious to hear."

"You shall. When I got back to Chicago, two months ago, every thing was gloomy as death to me. But the sunshine soon began to appear. I was sitting at table in my eating-house one evening, when, just as I had concluded my meal, a lady who was in some way connected with the establishment came

in and handed me a sheet of paper folded in the form of a letter. On opening it, however, I could perceive nothing but a short note to the lady who gave it to me, in pencil, near the middle of one page, requesting the loan of a certain book, and signed with the name of my lady love. I gazed upon it in a half-demented way for a moment, and could perceive nothing in it of interest to me except the name itself. But the lady, observing that my embarrassment was becoming painful, said in a low voice, 'Go home, and when you are alone hold that sheet of paper open before the fire.'

"I fairly sprang from my seat, so sudden was the transition from doubt and perplexity to that of assured comfort in store for me. It flashed upon me that the 'beloved of my soul' had found a friend and a means of correspondence; and I think the people along the streets believed me crazy, as I hurried home, with a wild and haggard air."

"Ah, Jim!" I interrupted, "you look a little wild yet, but not much haggard."

"No—no! not much haggard!" and he laughed triumphantly.

"When I had struck a fire in my ready prepared grate," he resumed, "I drew up a chair, and taking my extended sheet of paper by the two upper corners, held it carefully before the blazing coal, and watched it with an eagerness that almost suspended my breath. Gradually the blessed words came out, till the whole sheet appeared closely written over in distinct characters, and I, turning away from the fire, assumed an easy attitude and read. I felt the life-blood come back to my heart and course joyfully through my veins as I did so. There was hope in every line, and love warmed the whole, till I wondered that the very geniality had not brought out the words and betrayed us. In this she told me not to

be despondent (as she learned I had become during the few weeks of our separation), and not to fear—that she didn't mean to be forced into a union with any body, on any kind of terms. She designated a place where I could thrust letters through her father's garden wall without fear of detection; or I could send them as she had done—with invisible tracing upon sheets to be used by her lady friend in notes to her. All her letters that arrived by post were examined, she said, and every precaution taken to prevent her from communicating with me, yet she thought she could elude their vigilance sufficiently to keep up a safe correspondence by this means. Towards the last she hinted at a scheme which she was considering to cheat them of their game, even while they should believe themselves making sure of it, and asked me if I could join her in any thing that promised success, but might fail, and so subject us both to ridicule and myself to some danger.

"I read the letter over and over again, till at last every sentence seemed arranged and fixed in my mind, and then I set myself to reply. I wrote and re-wrote till I finally succeeded in condensing into one sheet all that I thought necessary to be said on the first occasion; and, though it was late at night when it was completed, I hurried away to the spot designated, and placed the (to me) wonderful and fate-fraught missive in its covert, to await her coming on the morrow. It would be of no interest to you to know what was in that letter, but it was to me—my soul was in it; and it is sufficient to tell you that I didn't show any hesitancy—man though I am—in offering to follow her lead if she could only show me how I might hope to rescue her from the impending fate, and make myself happy, let the consequences of failure be to me what they might.

"This was followed up by a constant

correspondence for ten days, in which time her plan was fully developed, and every thing so perfectly understood between us that we felt ourselves prepared to make the venture.

"One Thursday morning, five weeks ago, it was known at our place of business that I was to leave on the early, or four o'clock, train for Galena. We had taken care that this intelligence should be duly conveyed to the parents of my lady. During all that week preparations had been quietly going on at their house for her marriage with the disagreeable suitor. She had consented to the union, but with the stipulation that there should be only a very few select friends, and that the whole company, including herself and the bridegroom, should be dressed in the costume of the court of the Second Charles Stuart, and closely masked. It was also agreed that she should have the direction of all the minor details of the proceeding. It was thought to be a singular request on her part, but there was scarcely a whisper of remonstrance, so overjoyed were all to find that her opposition was at length overcome, and that their cherished wishes were about to be realized.

"Accordingly I departed by the specified train, and every thing went on without interruption at the merchant's mansion. Just after night-fall of that Thursday three or four carriages drove up, and, as their inmates alighted, ranged themselves near the gate which led into the gravel walk. Another came up shortly after the first ones, seemingly without occupants, as no one came out. It took position slightly apart from the rest, in a kind of shaded place, and the driver, closely muffled, rigidly kept his seat, and feigned not to hear a word that was said, though his fellow whips made several attempts to draw him into conversation.

"It had been arranged that the minister who was to perform the marriage

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ceremony should take his place in the parlor, and that the bridegroom, who was to be kept in the library till every thing was in readiness, should await the bride's signal at the door, when he was to join her, and they were to repair to the parlor, where all who were present should be ranged on either hand of the minister, no persons having been chosen at all to act as special groomsmen or bridesmaids.

"Promptly to time came they all, and there was no little alacrity displayed in taking the designated positions, as there seemed to be some haste on the part of the parents to conclude the farce, notwithstanding all the assurances which they had that their desires were about to be met.

"Between the library and the parlor, a single room of moderate dimensions intervened. In one corner of this room stood a large bed, and, singular freak! when all was in readiness in the parlor, she passed into this room, now dimly lighted, and instead of proceeding to the door of the library, as she was expected to do, she walked straight to the bed and tapped lightly upon the foot-board; and, what may seem stranger still, the bridegroom instantly, but without noise, glided from beneath the bed and took his place beside her. She leaned upon his arm, and they stepped into the room where expectant eyes were watching for them. He handed the license to the minister, who at once proceeded to —"

"To do what, Jeems!" cried I, almost beside myself with perplexity; "to do what, now? You don't mean to say that she was first married to that man?"

"Yes I do, though! He straightway proceeded to perform the ceremony, and they were made one."

"Bless me! Are you distracted?"

"Only hear me through, will you? When the ceremony had been concluded, the lady turned, trembling with

the powerful excitement under which she labored, to her parents and asked: 'Father, do you approve of this?'

"Indeed I do, my daughter, most sincerely."

"And you, mother?"

"I do, my child."

"And is this, indeed, marriage?"

"Yes, it is," answered the parents together, the minister chiming in.

"But can't it be abrogated on the spot?"

"No power on earth could do that," replied the parents, and the minister confirmed it.

"Then," said she, 'good night!' and the two turned and passed out quickly, leaving the company so astonished by the questions, and the nature of the last proceeding, that they kept their places for some seconds like statues, and no word was uttered until the sound of carriage-wheels was heard driving rapidly away.

"My friends," said the pastor, who was the first to find his voice, 'what does this mean?'

"Some whim of the young people's, no doubt," replied the father as calmly as he could, but evincing, despite of himself, some perturbation of mind.

"It is a queer jest," remarked the mother, as they all began to bustle about and show a returning inclination to talk, 'a very queer jest; and they knew, too, how anxious we were for them to partake of the repast which we have taken so much pains to prepare for them.'

"The younger members of the party now began to laugh heartily at the droll turn which the affair had taken, when suddenly the door next to the library was opened, and a head was thrust in, enveloped in the same mask worn by the bridegroom, or its exact counterpart.

"Why, William!" cried the old lady, 'where is Sarah! I thought that you and she had driven out.'

"Driven out!" exclaimed the mystified man; 'why, I haven't even seen Sarah to-night!'

"What do you mean!" roared the father, now thoroughly suspicious and exasperated; 'what do you mean, sir?'

"I mean just what I say," replied the other, stalking into the room and tearing off his hood, 'that I haven't seen her since I arrived here this evening!'

"The younger women screamed and the mother fainted. The old gentleman, black and blue with rage and mortification, stamped up and down the room like a madman. There, indeed, was the intended groom, but where was the bride! Ah! my friend, it is scarcely necessary to say that she was *gone*—'gone glimmering' through the nocturnal shades to the depot of the eastward-bound train; and that, too, with—'Nimble Jim!'

"Come, now, Jeems," said I, "no such stories as that for me! You're slightly crazy yet, I see. Didn't you tell me just now that you took the train that morning for Galena?"

"Yes, but I didn't go farther than the next station, and wouldn't have gone farther than the depot, only I knew the old gentleman had a spy on my track to see whether I really meant to go or not. By the five o'clock accommodation I came back, and before it was fairly light I was snugly ensconced at home again."

"How about that enchantment business? She seems to have conjured you up just at the right time by pecking her dainty knuckles on the bed-board."

"Ah! there's the rub, is it? Well, when they found that I was gone sure enough, she was allowed perfect liberty between out-going-train times, and she smuggled me in at nightfall in the character of an old man whom they sometimes suffered to occupy a little room in the house for weeks together—making his home with them as he strolled about the city—a sort of public almoner, but

useful as a tinker. She locked me into a closet in the wall till I could change my disguise from that of the old tinker to that of the young heir who was preparing to violate his manhood by marrying a woman whom he knew to loathe him. Then she hid me under the bed, lest somebody should find it necessary to go into the closet, and so detect me."

"But it couldn't have been a legal marriage, after all. How about the license?"

"Oh, ho! we managed that well enough. The expectant bridegroom procured his at the first of the week; and, on the day before the marriage was to take place, I went before the clerk and took out a license to marry a woman who put in appearance with me—a friend of ours who was in the secret—and gave the same name as that of the intended bride; so the papers were made out in due form, and as both of us had license to marry the same woman, it was merely a game of who should succeed in doing it! We calculated that the old parson wouldn't examine the document, and he didn't."

"Jeems," said I, "you deserve another nickname. We should now call you *Old Sty*."

"It wasn't I, didn't I tell you! She was the general-in-chief, and I merely a subordinate. But wasn't it handsomely done?"

"Very handsomely done, indeed. But how about the *pantaloon* hereafter?"

"No innuendo, Ned! None of your jokes now! We'll have no trouble about that. We've been roaming around for the last few weeks to see the big cities out East, and waiting for the anger of the old people to subside. We reckoned on that, and were right, for they've written to say that they forgive us, and that we must come home and live with them. As for the 'small clothes,' she says I'm welcome to them if I'll only

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prove myself worthy of them, which I mean to do, I tell you!"

Hereupon he seized his hat, and made a sudden start for the door—supposing, as he said, that she might be uneasy about him, as, after he saw my name on the register below, he had scarcely taken time to see her to her room before he rushed off to tell me of his good fortune. He strode out, evidently im-

patient to get back to his Sarah, promising, however, as he went, that I should see her; but he turned just as he was in the act of pulling the door after him, and poking in his head, his eyes sparkling with mirth and happiness, ejaculated:

"Say, now, old fellow, don't you like 'Nimble Jim' in the character of '*The Man Under the Bed*'?"

WYOMING TERRITORY.

BY A. G. BRACKETT.

"From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains."

WYOMING Territory is a rectangle of land, placed in the heart of the wide Western domain, belonging to the United States, beyond the Mississippi. It is the youngest of the Territories, and is named after the beautiful Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania, famed for the sad massacre which occurred there during the war of the Revolution, and rendered classical by the pen of the British poet Campbell, in his charming "Gertrude of Wyoming." As yet, it is the home of the Indian hunter and his dark-eyed companion, and is a land of sublimity and wild grandeur, much of which will never know the softening influences of civilization. It is beyond the range of the buffalo, except in the northeastern portion, but is the haunt of the deer, mountain sheep, antelope, elk, beaver and bear, and many other species of wild game; though as a whole it can not be considered an inviting field for the hunter. There are but few forests, and these are confined to the mountain sides. The plains below are covered

with a growth of excellent grass, which will furnish abundant support for future herds; but the winters are very severe, and some of the high winds which prevail are almost intolerable. The face of the country is broken by several spurs of the Rocky Mountains, which stretch far away over the landscape, their rugged sides seamed by the storms of ages, and their tops covered, even during the summer months, with thick mantles of snow. The most noted of these ranges are the Big Horn, the Black Hills, Wind River Mountains, and several peaks—among which Fremont Peak, thirteen thousand five hundred and seventy feet high, is probably the widest known. The Tetons are in Wyoming or Idaho, it is impossible at present to say which, as no true surveys have been made. I saw them in the early morning light, half concealed by the clouds, their long pinnacles piercing the white mists above, and rendering them landmarks visible over an immense stretch of country. They have been used to mark the trails of the Indians over this land for years, and long before it was known to white men. Fremont Peak is one of the finest mountains in America—it is truly

grand, with its snow-covered summit and picturesque outline.

None of these ranges have been fairly and thoroughly prospected, and when they shall be, rich mineral deposits will be discovered, as well as other things necessary for the advancement and comfort of the human race. Some mines in the Sweetwater Mountains have been found, which are believed to be extensive, and promise well for the future.

On the great plateau of the continent, lying in the northwestern portion of the Territory, are the head-waters of the Missouri, which empties its waters through the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico; some of the head-waters of the Columbia, which pours its contents into the Pacific; and Green River, which leads into the Colorado of the West, and thence on to the Gulf of California.

This Territory is laid out more regularly than any in the Union; in fact, nothing can be more correct than the geographical lines which surround it. They are comprised between the one hundred and fourth and one hundred and eleventh parallels of longitude, west, and the forty-first and forty-fifth degrees of latitude north of the equator. It is bounded on the east by Dakota and Nebraska, south by Colorado and Utah, west by Utah, Idaho and Montana, and north by Montana. It contains several large rivers, among which are the Nebraska or North Fork of the Platte, Green River, Wind River, Big Horn River, and the head-waters of the Yellowstone, which rises in Yellowstone Lake, a large and beautiful sheet of water. Among the smaller streams are the Big Sandy, Sweetwater, the head-waters of Snake River, Laramie River, on which Laramie City is located, the forks of the Cheyenne River, and Crow Creek, on which Cheyenne City is built. Some of these streams are of surpassing beauty, and abound in trout and

other varieties of fish; their banks are fringed with bushes, which in summer time present a most inviting appearance, and have been for ages the homes of the Indians. Here they dwelt in all their power long before America was known to the civilized world. Some remains of the former inhabitants may occasionally be seen, and their monuments on prominent mountain peaks even now serve as landmarks. Their trails encircle almost every hill-side, and they, with the buffalo, were the first road-makers who passed over the country. Had it not been for these trails, our early explorers would have found great difficulties.

In traveling along the roads which have been used by emigrants for several years past, while wending their way to the gold mines of the Pacific Slope, or to the smiling valleys of the Willamette River in Oregon, one frequently passes human graves marked by head and foot-boards or piles of rocks. There is a sense of dreariness and desolation connected with having one's body buried by the roadside, which it is difficult to overcome. No grave can be more utterly lonesome than one which is made on these wide-stretching plains, unmarked by any sign of civilization save the wagon-track which reaches far away in the distance.

In most countries railroads are built after the country is settled; but here exactly the reverse holds good, and the Union Pacific Railroad may truly be called the parent of the Territory. It passes through its entire length from east to west and near its southern boundary. The principal towns are on and near this route, and have all been built up by it. Cheyenne is a thriving town, where there are extensive machine shops; and this being the point where the road from Denver City, Colorado, strikes the railroad, gives it additional importance. Three miles from here is Fort D. A. Russell, one of the

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largest posts in the West, and one of the most disagreeable, on account of the high winds which prevail almost continually. Between thirty and forty miles away are the Black Hills, the outposts of the Rocky Mountains; and Long's Peak, in Colorado, can be seen far away.

Laramie City is a thriving new town, and there is no small amount of rivalry between it and Cheyenne. It would be difficult to tell which contains the greater number of dram shops, eating houses, etc. Both of them, in this treeless section, are without beauty.

The town of Sherman is at the highest point on the Rocky Mountains over which the railroad passes; but the ascent is so gradual, and Evans's Pass is so wide, it seems almost impossible that it should be so. Near this place is the celebrated bridge across Dale Creek, which is one of the lions of the Pacific Railroad. It is a bridge of considerable height, and being built across an immense chasm, presents a striking and at the same time dangerous appearance. Fort Saunders, a military post, is about two miles from Laramie City; and Fort Steele, another post, is further west.

Green River City is a mile or two from the railroad, and is now nearly abandoned. The gray adobe walls of many of the roofless houses present a cheerless appearance, and show that the place has already gone to decay.

Fort Bridger is twelve miles from the railroad, on the Black Fork of Green River—Carter's Station being the point to which goods for that post are sent by rail. This is a beautiful post, the white-washed quarters presenting a neat appearance—the greensward being fresh, and the creek which flows through it being clear and pure. Far away to the south and west may be seen the snow-covered peaks of the Wasatch and Uintah Mountains in Utah. This post was named after James Bridger, a cele-

brated mountaineer, who lived here many years while the country still belonged to the Republic of Mexico. He is a hale old man, bearing his honors meekly, though proud of his widespread reputation as a pioneer and as a faithful and reliable guide. It was here that the army sent against the Mormons of Utah, under command of Colonel A. S. Johnson, spent the winter of 1857-58. Our troops suffered very much for want of salt and proper shelter; and most of the animals belonging to the expedition perished. When our army moved on to Salt Lake City in 1858, the Mormons abandoned the place and fled to the mountains. Our authorities at Washington then, for the first time, discovered that they had "drawn an elephant." They had the city, but it was without people; and upon being fully convinced of the fact, made haste to beg the Mormons to return, and at once sent the soldiery beyond the limits of the city. It was a huge but pitiful joke, and altogether unbecoming a great and enlightened nation. The leader of this *faux pas* was afterwards a Confederate general, who was killed at the battle of Shiloh.

In the month of May, 1869, I crossed over from Fort Bridger into Idaho, and as the party I was with reached the summit of the Rocky Mountains, one of the most magnificent panoramas I have ever beheld burst upon our view. Far below us lay many beautiful valleys, through which we could trace the silvery rills, and could easily see the course of Bear River as it stretched along in the distance, while far beyond were the purple mountain ranges of northeastern Utah and southwestern Idaho, covered with snow, and their summits half hidden among the white clouds which seemed to toy and hover about them as if in love with their beauty and magnificent grandeur. The hills near by were clothed in green, on which lightly lay patches of snow which

had not yet thawed, while the dark purple and brown of the distant ranges blended in a scene of indescribable beauty and wonderful sublimity. The hues on the mountain sides, mellowed in the light of a clouded sky, gave a finish to the landscape, rendering it as charming as the most vivid imagination could conceive.

Laramie River rises in the southern part of the Territory, and running northeast along the boundary of Laramie Plains, empties into the North Fork of the Platte; Fort Laramie is situated near its junction with the Platte; Laramie City, as before mentioned, is on the railroad; so that this Territory has Laramie enough, in all conscience. I believe this was the name of a frontier man who lived years ago. If living still, he can not complain that injustice has been done to him in the way of perpetuating his name.

The Indians who live here are the Sioux and Dakotas, the Snakes or Shoshonies, and the Bannacks. The Snakes, or Shoshonies, and Camanches all speak the same language. The Snakes of Green River are called Wash-a-kee's band, Wash-a-kee being the head chief among them. Salmon River Snakes are called Took-a-rik-ah, or mountain sheep-eaters. These two bands are genuine Snakes, all the others being inferior branches of the Snake family. This band lives upon the mutton or mountain sheep, which is the same or nearly the same as the musmon or musimon or wild sheep, described by the ancients as common in Barbary, Corsica and Sardinia, and is supposed by Buffon and other naturalists to be the sheep in a wild state. The hunters call them big horns, and the stories they tell of these sheep jumping off the crags and cliffs of the mountains and striking on their horns and forehead, are quite wonderful. The inferior bands of the Snakes are the Salt Lake Diggers or Ho-can-dik-ah,

who live near Salt Lake, in Utah, and were almost exterminated by the California volunteers in a fight on Bear River, on the 19th of January, 1863; the Salmon-Eaters, or Ag-a-dik-ah, who live near Salmon Falls on Snake River, in Idaho, and subsist on salmon; and, lastly, the Humboldt and Goose Creek Diggers, or, as they are called, Tea-weet or White-Knives, and sometimes Sho-she-go or Footmen. They are similar in their modes of life and habits to all the other tribes in the Great Basin, consisting of Pi-Utes, Gos-Utes, and several other branches of the Utes and Digger Bannacks.

The Bannacks are divided into two bands—Ti-ge's band, which roams about from Soda Springs, Idaho, to Fort Hall, and in winter lives at Wind River, Wyoming. Ti-ge-to-atse is the name of this band, which speaks a language different from that of the Snakes. The other is Piv-i-a-mo's, or Big Finger's band, which roams in winter toward the Yellowstone River, and in the spring returns to the vicinity of Virginia City, Montana, and the upper waters of Snake River. They encamp about all summer, living on the fine trout which abound in that stream. In the autumn they go back to the buffalo grounds.

The Sioux, in the northern part of the Territory, are enemies of the whites, and seem determined to hold on to their country in spite of all obstacles. Forts Reno and Phil Kearney were established therein; and at the latter place one of the most deplorable massacres of white soldiers that ever occurred in this country took place. This was on the 21st of December, 1866, at which time three officers and eighty-two men who had been sent out to protect a wood train which the Indians had attacked about five miles from the fort, were killed. The Indians demanded that the country north of the North Platte should be theirs. This was as-

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sented to by a governmental commission, and the troops were withdrawn in June and July, 1868.

The present Governor is his excellency John A. Campbell, a native of Ohio, and an officer who served with much distinction during the Rebellion. He will do every thing in his power to advance its interests. Judge William A. Carter, of Fort Bridger, is an enthusiastic friend, and seems fully impressed that Wyoming has a future replete with greatness before it. He is a man who is using all his energies in assisting it, and good fortune must crown his efforts.

But there remains every thing to be done, and it is a question not yet settled whether grain can be raised here or not. It is a good grazing country during the summer; but the winters are long and severe. Good mines will be discovered in the mountains, and these will attract a hardy and energetic population. Nothing develops a country as rapidly as mines; and our whole Pacific Coast owes its unprecedented ad-

vancement to these great sources of national and individual wealth.

The days of isolation for the Far West of the American Continent are rapidly passing away, and the completion of the Pacific Railroad opens a new era in the progress of our Territories. That mines of great value will soon be found, and that miners and the attendant influx of population will flow into this Territory, is as sure as any event of the future. The dull and monotonous mode of traveling by wagon across the Plains is nearly a thing of the past; and he who has accomplished that feat will speak of it years hence as something which reflects great credit upon himself, and is certainly difficult to be realized by those who pass across now in comfortable cars on the Pacific Railroad.

Meantime, let us wish well to our youngest Territory, and hope that her vast coal fields and immense plains will some day make her one of the brightest stars of the Republic.

SHAKESPEARE AS PLAYER AND POET.

BY E. F. EVANS.

IN former articles we have spoken somewhat in detail of the influences which surrounded Shakespeare's youth and early manhood—influences traceable in his works, and also discoverable by synchronism in what we know of the associations of his home and of the manners and customs of his age. We need not dwell long on the subsequent events of his external life. "Being naturally inclined to poetry and acting," as old Aubrey says, he went to London. His arrival in the metropolis (according to Dyce) can not well be

fixed earlier than the year 1586 or 1587. There exists documentary evidence that he was in 1589 one of the proprietors of the Blackfriars' Theater. It is difficult to understand how he could have found time meanwhile to hold gentlemen's horses at the door of the play-house, or by what means he could have been promoted during this brief interval from the mean position of hostler to an ownership in the concern. This story—which does not endure the test of historical criticism for a moment—was first published by Dr.

Johnson, who claims to have received it from Mr. Pope. Mr. Pope says that it was communicated to him by Mr. Rowe, who strangely enough makes no allusion to it in his *Life of Shakespeare*. Thus it grew up very much after the style of "the house that Jack built," and with no more substantial foundation to rest upon. Evidently it is a rope of sand that perishes in the twisting. Every great man, especially if his life has flowed away in deep undercurrents of art or poetry, without making much noise among his contemporaries, is pretty sure to become the nucleus of a whole system of mythology. And with what poverty of invention the same kind of trash is repeated from century to century! Seneca tells us that when Parrhasius was about to paint the "Prometheus Chained," he put an Olynthian captive to the rack in order to watch the writhings of his victim and to catch the true expression of bodily agony; and at Rome you hear how Michael Angelo crucified a poor peasant in order to give vigor and vitality to the pencil that has so often sketched the scene of Calvary.

Shakespeare is said to have shown considerable talent as an actor; indeed, according to Aubrey, "he did act exceedingly well;" and Hamlet's advice to the players (the fullest and concise statement of histrionic principles ever written) evinces a subtle and profound knowledge of the theory at least. He is known to have played the part of the ghost in "Hamlet," as Goethe also personated Orestes in his own drama of "Sphegenia." The German poet is said to have shone on the stage with all the manly grace and beauty of an Apollo; and it certainly required a form and bearing not less noble to represent worthily "the buried majesty of Denmark." Yet Shakespeare does not seem to have liked the histrionic profession—perhaps on account of the social indignities to which it necessa-

rily subjected him. For, although the player was not, like the wandering minstrel, "a rogue by act of Parliament," yet he was held in almost universal contempt as a sort of vagrant and outcast, a horror to all respectable householders, living perpetually under the dark frown of the magistrate, and managing only by great dexterity to keep on the sunny side of the statutes. Indeed, an act passed in 1572 "for the punishment of vagabonds," was especially designed to include those players who did not belong to one of the nobles of the realm. Such a condition would necessarily be intolerable to the sensitive and gentle-hearted poet; and in the one hundred and eleventh sonnet he thus bemoans his fate:

"Oh, for my sake do thou with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners breed.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To that it works in, like the dyer's hand."

Also in the one hundred and tenth sonnet, he says:

"Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view."

Very naturally, the sense of degradation expressed in these passages soon induced him to quit the stage; and after obtaining a competency, he returned to Stratford, where he was regarded as the most considerable man of the place. Here he lived for a number of years in the midst of friends and family, sending up occasionally a new play to London—where his twin-genius in the histrionic art, Richard Burbadge, was still enchanting the people of the metropolis by his wonderful personations of "Richard III.," "Hamlet," and "the grieved Moor,"—but otherwise leading the tranquil life of a country gentleman. He died on the fifty-second anniversary of his birth. One of his last acts was the exercise of hoe-

pitality towards two of his best and most congenial friends, Jonson and Drayton. Nothing further is known of the circumstances of his death or of the nature of the malady that carried him off into

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns."

Personally, Shakespeare was of a free, social nature. According to the testimony of Ben Jonson, with whom he had many "wit combats" at the Mermaid Tavern, he "had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary that he should be stopped." These last words reveal whole volumes respecting his peculiar literary character, which consisted in this: that no other man had such transcendent power of expressing what he felt and saw and thought. No other man has uttered such fine things on all subjects universally. Coleridge, the eloquent talker, was a poor stut-terer in comparison with him. From "the gray-coated knat" and the jeweled ring on an alderman's finger, to the highest human thought and human deed, there is nothing which has not been transfigured and glorified by the vigor and wealth of his imagination and the unparalleled luxuriance of his diction. He had a full healthy mind, "a brain exhaling thoughts and images" and seeking vent in the club-room as well as in the drama. There was no taint of hypochondria in him. He kept his health by not too-anxiously caring for it, and was the last man to undermine his constitution by persistently feeling of his pulse and looking at his tongue in the mirror. It was in a metaphysical rather than in a melancholy mood that he liked to talk of "that churl, death." Like his own Hamlet, he was prone to ponder the mysteries of man's origin and destiny, and in his contemplations was fond of

hovering on the extreme confines of the finite, "pressing against the barriers that separate it from the unknown." This is more or less true of all poets of the highest order. To use one of Coleridge's nice distinctions, they have an excess of the spiritual over the moral—a nature with the mobility of quicksilver, an organization like a photometer, in which the accumulations of ideal light and poetic susceptibility are measured by a certain tremulous sensitiveness. To this end all his faculties were happily coördinated. That his soul was easily swayed in every direction, proves the fineness of its balance. It was like those rocking stones frequently found upon mountain-tops, which a child may move with its finger, but which the sinews of Hercules could not overthrow. Yet, side by side with this cheerful temper, there was in him also a vein of melancholy peculiarly his own, "a most humorous sadness in which his often rumination wrapt him." Sometimes he even seems to be "out of love with his nativity," and almost "chides God for making him of that countenance that he is." In the twenty-ninth sonnet he "beweeps his outcast state," and wishes himself

"like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope."

In the sixty-second sonnet he speaks of himself as

"Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity."

Who would suspect, in looking at Shakespeare's portrait, that he ever could have envied another man's features? But, after all, this is a much healthier attitude of human nature than, like Narcissus, to be enamored of one's own image. And yet, in the very sonnet which thus bemoans his "disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," he rouses himself again from thoughts of self-contempt, and draws such strength

and joy from the faithful affection of his friend as to "scorn to change his state with kings."

Shakespeare's dramas may be divided critically into three classes, or chronologically into three periods. To the first belong "*Titus Andronicus*," "*Pericles*," the trilogy of "*Henry VI.*," the "*Comedy of Errors*," and the "*Taming of the Shrew*." All these are elaborations of older dramas; and we discover in them frequent outcroppings of the uncultured popular taste of a pre-Shakespearean age. They are not masterpieces, but studies, in which the young poet formed himself; they point to a stage in his development when Marlowe and Greene were still his prototypes and superiors. There is in them a certain discoloration that betrays their origin, like rivers which have their source in the union of many rivulets, muddy and turbulent at first, but clarifying as they flow. Indeed, we hardly know whether these plays belong to the canonical books or to the Shakespearean Apocrypha. According to Malone's computation with respect to the three parts of "*Henry VI.*," "out of 6043 lines, 1771 were written by some author preceding Shakespeare, 2373 by him on the foundation laid by his predecessors, and 1899 were entirely his own." The crudeness of these early dramas is seen particularly in the coarseness of the female characters; in Margaret, Eleanor and Katharina we detect tendencies wholly foreign to the usual refinement of Shakespeare's genius. Gervinus intimates (without sufficient proof, however) that this uniform portrayal of bad imperious women, such as he seldom afterwards depicted, was not accidental, but simply the unburdening of a heart heavy under its own domestic infelicities. But we think it would be difficult to show any connection between Ann Hathaway and the terrible wives of Gloster and the King, or to discover any touch of bitter personal experience

in the delineations of the Shrew. They point rather to the characteristics of the age out of which the poet grew and in which he still inherited—like the lion described by Milton, only half-shaped from the original clay and still "struggling to get free." Goethe has drawn many fine pictures of female character—the pure, womanly heroism and rectitude of Sphegenia; the tender and sensitive melancholy of Mignoa; the ardent and passionate Clærchen; the pure and confiding Gretchen. But beautiful and true as these portraits are, they do not have the power of Shakespeare's creations. So, too, the women of the Greek dramatists, Antigone, Alcestis, and Electra, are only impersonations of isolated abstract qualities, filial duty, conjugal devotion or sisterly affection, stern statuesque embodiments of this or that virtue, which De Quincey compares to marble groups with "no speculation" in their cold, stony eyes; no vital breath in their nostrils; no fine pulses of sensibility in their bosoms. It was not by photographing what he saw around him that Shakespeare produced these portraiture. His women are ideal—that is, they are not transcripts from real life as he knew it, but are borrowed from the purity of his heart and the infinite riches of his prophetic imagination.

To the second period of Shakespeare's dramatic poetry belong the historical pieces—"Richard III.," "*Richard II.*," both parts of "*Henry IV.*," "*Henry V.*," and "*King John*;" the erotic plays—"The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "*Love's Labour's Lost*," "*All's Well that Ends Well*," "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," "*Romeo and Juliet*," and "*The Merchant of Venice*;" the comedies—"As You Like It," "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," "*Much Ado about Nothing*," and "*Twelfth Night*." No one can study these works without being surprised at the inconceivable rapidity with which the poet has freed

himself from the trammels of his predecessors and vaulted at once into a position far above all his contemporaries. He has passed through his apprenticeship, acquired higher ethical and esthetical views of his art, and become conscious of his intellectual resources. The characters are drawn with a firm hand; no weak line nor harsh and distorted touch in his delineations. There is also a festive spirit in these productions, an exuberant energy and even exaltation of mind, which point to this epoch as the happiest of his life. Of the sixteen plays, only four are real tragedies. The severe Melpomene yields the sceptre to Clio, Cupid and Comus. In these pieces we see how Shakespeare is the most genial of comic poets; it is in this sphere that he appears in all his amiability and child-like kindness of heart. His mirth is like the lark that fills the blue sky with laughing melody. In striking contrast to this witty and cheerful view of life is Ben Jonson's bitter satire, which, like a bird of prey, mounts into the air with shrill, carnivorous cry, only to pounce upon its victim and tear it in pieces. This happy tolerance was the natural fruit of his many-sided healthy nature. Great genius is essentially conciliatory. It sees good in every thing, without being blind to the evil; it tempers judgment with mercy, and merges the hard law of strict moral justice into the tender humanity of poetic love. This artistic charity pervades all of Shakespeare's maturer creations and contributes very much to their truthfulness. His comedy never degenerates into cynicism, as is often the case with Molière. In Molière, Tartufe is not merely a pious hypocrite, he is hypocrisy itself; Harpagon is not a miser, he is avarice. Thus these figures intended for persons are in fact personifications; the graver bears down so heavily with his burin that the characterization lapses into caricature. We laugh at them as we

laugh at the pictures in "Punch," where Count Bismarck is all brain and Napoleon III. all nose. This does very well for burlesque, but it is not artistic comedy. Shakespeare, on the other hand, gives us not mere abstractions of good or evil, but mixed characters, as we find them in the real world. Wicked as is Iago, and cruel as is the bastard Edmund, they are still men—not demons; it is possible for them, therefore, to awaken in us the "fear and sympathy" which, according to Aristotle, are the fundamental emotions of tragedy. These feelings can exist only where the character portrayed is of the same human nature with ourselves; from this likeness arises the fear that our fates may be similar, and it is this fear that excites sympathy. Angelo is a heartless hypocrite, but he has some sensitiveness to shame, and craves death from the hands of the Duke rather than mercy and exposure. And what a creation is Falstaff! A mass of humorous animalism, a cowardly and selfish libertine, with no love of honor, no regard for his reputation—only anxiety for his sensual economy! His material bulk has smothered in him every spiritual faculty. His very wit is a fruit of his physical heaviness; want and necessity sharpen it, and the sole mental gift that he possesses is made wholly subservient to his physical subsistence. His soliloquy concerning honor, which has no worth in his eyes because it can not "set a leg," reveals the utter brutishness of his nature. And yet, what an interest the masterly art of the poet contrives to throw around his fat Jack! Our esthetic delight in him as one "that hath out-villained villainy so far that the rarity redeems him," softens and even bribes over our moral judgment upon his vices. And how admirable is the scene of the old knight's death! His better nature reasserts itself in his last hours, and the memories of childhood return to him in the

dreams of his final sleep; he played with the flowers and "babbled o' green fields."

To the third period of the Shakespearian drama belong a series of works distinguished for their fine poetry and deep vein of thought: "Measure for Measure," "Othello," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Cymbeline," "Troilus and Cressida," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," "Timon of Athens," "The Tempest," "Winter's Tale," and "Henry VIII." In these productions the tragic predominates, as the comic predominated during the second period. The unnatural disruption of natural ties, oppression, falsehood, treachery and ingratitude toward friends, relatives and benefactors—such are the scenes which fill the poet's imagination. This gloomy frame of mind seems to have been due, in part at least, to sorrowful experiences—the death of his only son Hamnet in 1596, and the unfortunate rebellion of the Earl of Essex in 1601, in which his

friend and benefactor Southampton was fatally involved.

It was by this last and noblest group of his dramas that Shakespeare's poetic supremacy was placed beyond a peradventure. His genius has effected an almost total revolution in the aims and character of dramatic literature throughout the world. Stratford-upon-Avon is not only the goal of pilgrimage for the English-speaking natives, but it has become the Mecca of the human race. The walls and windows of his house, like the sides of Egyptian pyramids, are inscribed with names which represent nearly all the peoples of the earth. His fame, as Schlegel predicted, will continue to gather strength, like an Alpine avalanche, at every moment of its progress. He is like that bright central star in the constellation of the Harp which ages ago moved half-hid along our horizon, now flames in our zenith, and, as astronomers tell us, is gradually moving on to its predestined place as the pole-star of our universe.

A NIGHT AND A DAY ON THE SIERRA NEVADA.

BY E. P. WILLARD.

THERE is a Persian tale respecting a traveler mounted upon an ass and riding along in transport on the highway to Babylon, until by-and-by he saw a troop of beautiful men and women, clad in purple robes, with girdles of gold, approaching on fine camels. Their swift pace made him so envious of their mode of conveyance, that he first wished his ass would grow of a sudden to a camel's height, and then began beating the poor beast. Dropping far in the rear, and relaxing his bridle, he sank into an unhappy reverie and

fell upon the ground. In a few moments he was awakened by a thousand voices, from a company clad in plain linen and riding beasts of burden like his own. They reproved his discontentment, spoke cheering words, and soon showed him a crowd of happy women and children on foot, bearing burdens, and going the same way. The merry song of these restored his spirits, and proudly remounting his ass he continued his journey. Before reaching the end of his route, to his surprise, he encountered the first travelers in a sorry

situation, extricating themselves and their long purple robes and diamonded girdles from the filthy mud into which their tall camels had thrown them. The humble rider was led to see that pleasure and happiness do not always attend a lofty bearing.

Oriental life is far different from the Occidental. In the one, humility takes the slowest pace, and even rank itself chooses the most ancient and winding pathways. In the other, hurry and speed belong to the most humble. No one is so proud as he who disdains the comfort of the steam-coach, or the parlor luxury of a palace-car flying like the wind. The rattling, rocking Concord coach, with six horses, is deemed a modest, unpretentious servant to the dwellers amid mountains. But the word "enterprise" is so incomprehensible to the Oriental, that to this day he and his kinsmen drive their stumbling camels over the Lebanon Mountains to Damascus, as their fathers did before them forty centuries back, by a crooked stony trail wriggling like a serpent along the terraced slopes—while close beside them lies a smooth graded carriage-way, built by English capitalists, and straight as science could align it, which, from sheer hereditary foggyism, they will never venture to use.

At the time of our story, the Occidentals residing under the shadow of the Sierra Nevada, in California, were in easy communication with their transmontane neighbors in Nevada. Half a dozen years ago, the newly-graded road of a hundred miles in extent was supplied with new coaches, and a large stock of Eastern horses distributed along the line for relay. Burly whippers were assigned the task of making schedule time, by night or day, fair weather or foul, through mud and snow, separate or mixed as the case might be, and with a ton of human freight and half as much mail. By this means trips were made both ways

daily; and if one could but keep a perpendicular posture up hill and down in the land of dreams for one night, the land of gold would not seem far from the land of silver, nor would communication seem difficult from one to the other.

It was after an unusual April storm on the mountains, that the eastward coach left the last town of rose-embowered cottages on the placer gold-belt, one Wednesday, at two in the afternoon, having on board an extra weight of life and luggage. The boots fore and aft were stuffed to excess—indeed, the rear one was inlaid with projecting trunks until it resembled the lean of a lumber pile; and the body-seats supported the avoirdupois of nine grown persons—one of whom possessed more adipose tissue than the law should allow in one berth—beside an infant of two years. Outside, in what De Quincy calls the sky-parlor, there were two; one prone upon the top, swaddled in mail-bags and buttressed by valises; so that the clumsy load made the wheels creak and the thoroughbraces groan like the cordage of a gale-struck ship. Six magnificent horses snatched the monster along at a steady ten-mile gait by the hour—and over rain-gutters and sluice-bridges rocked the huge traveling cradle, and improvised a sort of lullaby for the weary passengers with their iron hoofs on the stony road. The driver, a genuine Jehu, with a roughish surly look and a weather-worn exterior which indicated that his virtues had a correspondence with those of a singed cat, neither knew any thing, said any thing, or did any thing but watch a dozen equine ears, and keep six reins taut in his hands, and coax the off wheel-horse with the belly of his whip-lash every two minutes, invariably accompanying the stroke with a tremendous solitary cluck. For two hours the coach rolled on up the first gentle acclivity of the mountains. The fragrance of roses

and the balmy breath of innumerable varieties of flowers which deck the open California landscape at this season, were soon left behind; the perennial thickets of manzanita and chaparral that dot the aspiring foot-hills with a lustre of green never to be forgotten, by-and-by marched around right and left and slowly retired from view. Already they were approaching patches of stately pines, the cooling shade of which the men outside welcomed with uncovered heads; while the coach, as if itself felt a relief from the hot sun, struck into a soft sandy track and became noiseless. Over twenty miles of the route had now been passed, and very soon, on turning an angle of the road, Jehu pulled up his panting steeds beside a spacious barn fronting a park of sweet grass, and having a more business-like physiognomy than the dwarfish soil-stained hotel in the bottom of the ravine a little further on. It was the second relay station.

A tall young man with a smooth-brimmed felt hat strode down from the doorway of the dwarfish establishment, shuffling a pair of heavy riding-boots, with a spur mounted upon the right heel, and holding in his hand an elegant Mexican bridle. In the space of two minutes—while four hostlers loosened the horses, leaving each unchecked to champ his bit on his way to the barn, and the other six, ready harnessed, circled each into his favorite position with a look of proud intelligence, and were hooked to the coach; and the four passengers that jumped out had time to gap and shrug their shoulders and stretch their arms and jump in again—in this time the young man had engaged an outside berth of the driver, mounted to his position on the front seat, and having bestowed his bridle under his feet, was ready for the journey. Before, however, the traces of the wheelers were unknotted, the driver took his position with his foot on the brake, and

gathered the six reins as they were handed him; and sifting them through his fingers to see that they were properly buckled and free of twists, he hoarsely shouted "All aboard!" and then, upon the slamming of the coach door, and the inside answer, "All right!" he grasped the whip out of the socket, bent the point of the stock on the dashboard to make it arrow-straight, and buttoned up his glove; and now, telling the hostlers to hitch away and straighten up the leaders, of a sudden, with a cluck and a spring and a ringing whip-crack, the mettled steeds were bounding up the grade at full gallop. When they had settled down to a good business trot, and the grade for some distance was free of mule teams, and the beautiful shelter of forest on the one side, and yawning ravine and variegated slope on the other, seemed to invite companionship, the young man, who had already ventured several unnoticed expressions of pleasure, turned to the whipster and cleverly asked:

"Can you tell me what time you left Placerville?"

"Two o'clock."

"Were there many booked for over the mountains?"

"Don't know."

"Did you get the steamer mail to-day?"

"Believe so."

"Are you certain you have it on board?"

"No, I aint. A man aint certain of nothing in this world."

The young man, whom we will call Clayton, thinking that somehow Jehu had been stroked the wrong way, and fearing to make bad humor worse, rode on for half a mile in comparative silence, but finally concluded to take a new tack and tickle the driver's most sensitive rib.

"You've got a splendid pair of leaders on this beat. The near one has a fine limb and some sharp points, I

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should say. Don't you think him the better one of the two?"

"Yes, he is."

"How fast do you think he would go with a skeleton craft?"

"Like the devil, if he had a chance."

"Oh, he is a runaway, is he? I shouldn't judge he had any mustang blood in him. Do you think he has?"

"Yes."

"Did he ever run away with you?"

"No."

"I should think it would take pretty sharp work to keep such a team in the track on a dark night."

No reply—and he immediately added:

"Particularly under the thick forests higher up on the mountains."

Jehu said nothing, and Clayton appended sundry other observations about the road and the weather and the outlook down the valley, just to ease the conversation from too sudden a break; and by-and-by, hearing no response but an ungracious cluck, he first took a good look at the driver from head to heel, and then settled back in his seat and relapsed into reverie.

Mile after mile flew past, and one fresh team after another was exchanged for the sweaty, foaming stagers. The grade now led up a romantic cañon along a river's edge, and wound under gloomy mountain shades in endless coil of ever ascending planes, with the winding river. Banks of red earth and boulders here and there guarded the road on the right and left. About nightfall, as they stopped for relay, and the driver vanished into a bar-room for a few seconds, Clayton turned to his seat-companion and remarked:

"It is unaccountable to me how people can trust their lives in the hands of these surly self-important drivers."

"Well, my friend, I don't think they are over-fed. They can't be proud. Night-work through rain and snow and frost will soon wear a man down to the hard-pan."

"Yes, but this fellow is uncivil."

"True, but you don't know him. Tom Jones is trusty. He won't say five words in fifty miles when the mood is on; but, for all that, he is the most careful man on the road. He knows nothing but his business—and he knows that. Yes, sir! every inch of his sixty mile beat. Why, I know ladies who, years ago when he drove wild mustangs on the Silver Mountain road, would ride with him in preference to any other driver. Oh, no! he never had any bad luck; if he did, it always came out right, and the Pioneer Company never knew any thing about it."

Rather quieted in his own mind by this unexpected defense of a man to whom he had taken an unbounded dislike, Clayton began to estimate the probabilities of their reaching Strawberry by supper-time. Knowing the condition of the roads and the depth of the snow on the mountains, he at once reasoned that Jehu's home-beat of ten miles would be a long stretch if he drew the coach to Strawberry. Clayton understood from the passengers that the stage company had given orders to that effect, although for months hitherto they had exchanged wheels for runners at the station where they then were. But the rapidly melting snows had left much of the distance bare, and it was deemed best to get a wheel-track through the remaining drifts to this point. Accordingly, young Clayton made an artful exchange of seats with an inside gentleman, who thought he would enjoy the luxury of an inoffensive cigar on the box, until they reached the next station. This was quickly done, and the coach rattled on. In the few moments of twilight before they drove into the deep shadow of the mountain, he had time to glance at his fellow-travelers, from the front seat in which he was ensconced. He was squeezed between the other fat man and a broad-shouldered man like him-

self. Opposite sat three other men, one of them heavily whiskered, with spectacles; and directly fronting him, in the middle, a very long, lean specimen from the gold diggings. On the back seat was a sixth man, and two ladies beside him heavily veiled, one of them holding the child before mentioned. The ripple of conversation began at once, for they had already been bowled fifty miles that afternoon, and were becoming accustomed to each other's voices. Meanwhile we must learn something of Edward Clayton.

At twelve years of age he was an orphan in the mines. His friendly disposition led him to perform a kindly act for which he had been abundantly rewarded. Returning home one dark rainy night, he found a drunken man jammed in among sharp rocks and boulders, near a crooked pathway leading between a water-flume and sundry sluice-boxes. He procured instant help and medical assistance to dress the arm of the wounded man. The unfortunate individual proved to be an able but dissipated lawyer residing in an adjoining township. Some months after, the lawyer found out the boy and took him to his own house. He soon furnished him with good opportunities and the means of an education, and subsequently sent him two years to an Eastern college. On the outbreak of the silver excitement in Nevada, in 1861, the lawyer had transferred his residence to that State. He had practically reformed, and at the time of our story held an official position as Circuit Judge, and wielded an immense influence in the Carson Valley. Young Clayton was still residing with his guardian, and occupied a desk in his office. It was rumored that on his admission to the bar there would be a new firm established under the title of Brodie & Clayton.

Presently the coach began to run more slowly, and at intervals to grind into the snow. The passengers, hungry

for supper, whiled the time, first by a running fire of jocose remark, afterward by a series of stories and thrilling descriptions of travel. At one point, when coach-driving became the topic, the dark-whiskered man with spectacles, whom they called "Professor," was saying, "Oh yes, I've seen these fellows turn the coach in the streets of Denver City with six horses on a gallop. And, gentlemen, it's not a clown's trick, but a business, to hold six reins untangled on a dark night, when the driver can't see the shape of a horse. Just think—six invisible reins and a sharp ear to keep the wheels on the edge of a high embankment. What do you think! Well, they're careful—I never knew but one driver, though, who would ever get out and take a lantern and examine the road; more often they just ease off into a slough or pitch-hole, and hold the coach half gone over by the brake, and then"—

The coach stopped.

"Halloo! you fellows inside, lean up on the right side!"

"Aye, aye," was the response, and the crowd leaned—particularly the fat man, who nearly crushed Clayton—and the coach went down, down, into the mud, first one wheel and then the other; and, to the astonishment of almost every one, righted itself in good order. The ladies were quite frightened, but said nothing, and it was too dark to see even the expression on the faces of the men.

"That, gentlemen, is a practical illustration of what I was just about to say," put in the Professor; "in just that way, they hold the coach by the brake, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred there is no danger of upsetting."

The Professor's remarks were very comforting to his companions—the ladies especially. The stories ran on—every one had to tell a story. Strange subjects were curiously dove-tailed together. One had seen bears, another snakes, and a third was the original

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owner of a gold claim that had yielded forty or fifty thousand dollars. It was getting along into the night. The rocking of the coach showed they were not moving faster than a walk. The white banks close by indicated plenty of snow. Indeed, the fat man in the corner observed that the spokes of the wheel were cemented by it into a dense ugly ring. Presently they stopped stock still. The driver, slowly winding the reins around the brake, dismounted, and after burrowing in the boot for a shovel, began to clear away the snow from the fore-wheels, all the time coolly whistling a tune of his own. Then he took one of the side-lights and looked ahead; then he trimmed the wicking on the head-light with his fingers and wiped the reflector; then he silently got aboard and straightened his team and signaled them to pull, which they did with a vengeance, but without budging the coach. Again he whistled, jumped off, shoveled away at the hind wheels and under the heels of the off wheel-horse, again mounted on the box, and after some preliminaries of whip-touching on the flanks of the weary steeds to encourage their spirits, brought them all into unison, and shouting "Git!" with a mighty yell and a furious crack, the horses at length lifted the ponderous load on its way. About every twenty minutes the stage now became snow-bound, and this ceremony had to be repeated. The frequent windings of the road in the narrow cañon made it impossible for the most skillful driver to swing such a long team into the snow around the curves, and keep the slipping wheels upon the bedded snow-track. At midnight they were two miles from the station, with the snow getting deeper and deeper. Most of the passengers now relapsed into a disturbed sleep. Two or three, among them Clayton and the fat man—who had by this time proved himself a companionable character, equal to a story or a song—con-

tinued their conversation at intervals into the small hours. The sleepy, lean specimen opposite, sagging back, kept boring into Clayton with his sharp knees. The broad-shouldered man, an English tourist, spoke of the mountains of Europe which he had visited. Clayton said little, except in the way of hints and questions to show that he was entertained; and the jolly fat man set the company into a roar by an incident he had witnessed in an overland coach near Salt Lake City, respecting a careless hunter who generously loaned his meerschaum to the driver for an after-dinner smoke, the bowl of which unfortunately contained a pistol-cartridge from his clumsy pockets that suddenly exploded!

About two o'clock they intercepted the westward stage, plowing through the snow with a heavy load, and a man ahead with a lantern, and two others lagging behind with great snow-shovels. Brief and dry congratulations were exchanged between the drivers, and the coach drove on down the cañon, leaving the lantern-man and the two workmen to return and pilot the way for Tom Jones. Their assistance was timely. At first the wheels seemed to roll more easily in the new track, but very soon it was evident they settled deeper into the damp snows than they did before. The horses were getting more and more weary, and every few rods the great shovels had to be brought into requisition. The air was freezing, but not bitter. A hoarse wind groaned through the pines and swept down the deep cañon. Clayton had fallen into reverie upon the weird scene around him, when all at once he heard the driver's voice, and felt the coach strain and slip, and then came a thrill as if the seat were going way from under him, and over he went against the fat man in the corner, and two or three others on top of him, all contesting for the same corner. There

were shouts and shrieks, but no further motion of the coach. It had fairly upset in a snow-pile. Tom Jones had stopped at once. In a very short space of time the coach was emptied of its living freight, and a hearty laugh was had when it was found no one was injured. Clayton handed the ladies out upon the snow-crust, and when they had righted the coach he assisted them in again. Seeing the station-light about a quarter of a mile away, with one or two others he walked on ahead and ordered breakfast. At Strawberry the table had been awaiting the eastward passengers all night long. He dried his boots by a roaring fire in a great log fire-place ten feet long, and soon passed into the dining-room. At four o'clock, just as the first faint glimmer of light streaked the brow of the mountain, Tom Jones reined his exhausted horses up before the hotel. He had been on the road fourteen hours without eating, and no one had heard a complaining word from his lips.

At six, a four-horse sleigh stood before the front door of the one-story hotel, awaiting the passengers for the mountain trip. Across the way was a baggage sleigh near the coach loading up. The bright day had dawned, and with its coming many restful, refreshed countenances were exchanged for the sleepy, worn faces of two hours before.

As Edward Clayton was promenading the little piazza before the hotel, buttoning his great coat, he chanced to glance at the window close beside him, and saw a face which he immediately recognized. Bounding through the door he entered the room in the wildest haste and caught the figure in his arms, exclaiming:

"My dear girl—for a wonder! How came you here? How could you come without letting me know? I supposed you were now on the sea. Not even to telegraph me of your arrival! You are almost cruel."

"Mr. Clayton, are you not glad?"

"Glad, even to ecstasy, to see your sweet face, but piqued at your daring. But how came you here?"

"In the coach, sir, last night. We had a rough ride and an upset, but I was not hurt a particle. A gentleman kindly lifted me out of the confusion, and—"

"All aboard!" shouted the host through the doorway, breaking off the sentence and hurrying them away, arm in arm, for the sleigh. Clayton secured a back seat beside the young lady; the sleigh was loaded up, and last of all appeared the new driver, in a yellow blanket-cloth overcoat reaching to his knees, with boots muffled in gunnysacks, and a clean felt sombrero shading his shaven face. He mounted the high seat, drew on his buckskin gloves, carelessly took up the reins and started up the road. Slowly they followed the shining track that led circuitously up the steep grade to the first summit of the Sierra Nevada.

Clayton soon had the tangled knot of this unexpected meeting with the lady he most loved unravelled. He had been half expecting Miss Wyman would reach San Francisco in May. At least, his last letter from her pen contained some such intimation. Two years before, while at a New England college, he had first seen her face and won her heart, and month by month ever after they had exchanged their vows across five thousand miles of sea. He had urged her by every loving word to undertake the journey, and meet him in San Francisco, but without receiving any very definite reply. She had, however, coyly dropped a little "perhaps," upon which he had based much. It now appeared that a golden opportunity had been presented her of having friends to bear her company, by the April steamer, all the way to San Francisco. She resolved to undertake the trip. Strange inner whispers, apart from those of

simple loyalty to love, helped to nerve her purpose. There was a drawing of her whole being toward the Occident, which she could not resist. Clayton himself explained his absence from home. Business called him over the mountains into California. He therefore had not received the telegram announcing her arrival. When about to return, he had purchased a fine horse of a Mexican ranchero, and had ridden him some distance on the mountain road, when he got badly lamed and had to be left at the second station to be brought over by a teamster. He had already been absent from home longer than he intended, and was in haste to return.

All these explanations, and many more, were mutually tendered by these tender lovers, and the hours flew swiftly. They had climbed the mountain, and were now on the first summit. The sky was cloudless. The crest of the Sierra Nevada rose up, crowned with the deepest, whitest snow; but no mountain brow was whiter or purer than sunny morning, than the hearts of these two, whose natures were warmed into one all-embracing love. They were now in the tenuous mountain atmosphere, seven thousand feet above the sea; but their spirits were lighter than the air. It was a beautiful and fitting thing, that nature should at once lift them into this heaven of purity.

Descending into the great bowl between the summits, where lay Lake Tahoe, miles away, glittering like a diamond, the travelers feasted upon the beauty of the surrounding scenery. In the first descent there was a brisk trot and an application of the brake, spurning the snow for a dozen feet behind the sleigh, like the jets from a water-cart; but by-and-by, after the crust had melted, only the slowest pace was possible. The horses stumbled along, corking their ankles, and sinking into the slush up to their haunches.

For a good part of the way, the patient driver permitted them to choose their own gait, and to walk. Even then they surged against each other, straining their limbs, and for miles stained the road with the blood oozing from their fetlocks. For long distances the primeval pines arched the roadway, graciously protecting them from the glaring sunlight. Forests of tall cedars leaned against the surrounding slopes, while far away along the sky-line, spindling Douglas firs guarded the mountain peaks. At two in the afternoon the sleigh surmounted the second summit. From this eyrie of snow they had an outlook into Nevada. Two thousand feet below them a warm snowless valley lay at their feet. The view here presented, of the precipitous descent and the silver thread of the Carson River winding through the valley, is one of the finest on the continent. Down the intricate zig-zag "Kingsbury grade" of five miles, they plunged to the snow limit, which was half-way. Here they were transferred into a coach with a fresh relay of six horses, and bounding away around sharp curves they soon reached the foot of the mountain. But fifteen miles of level pebbly road, hard as a granite floor, now lay before them, which the no longer patient driver improved with an incessant flourish of his long whip, and a vocabulary that kept all the horses but the light leaders on a keen gallop for most of the distance. Emerging from the mountain shadows, the exhilarated passengers were soon bowled up before the express office in the goodly city of Carson, the capital of the State.

It was arranged between Mr. Clayton and Miss Wyman that she should at once accompany him to the house of his guardian. It was his unbounded delight to bring her forthwith to his own home, and present to Judge Borie and his family the lady he had many times described to them in glowing

terms. Hurriedly he led her through the opening in the adobe wall to the front door. The family rushed to meet him, and the Judge pushed up his gray locks and extended them a cordial Western welcome. They stood and talked, and then sat, all the while pouring out a cascade of explanations and happy greetings, except Miss Wyman, who was silent. Clayton, overjoyous, began depicting his good fortune in glowing colors, when he perceived a strange twinkle of the Judge's eyes. The Judge was narrowly scanning the young lady's face.

"Miss Wyman, from Berkshire?"

"Yes, sir, my name is Helen Wyman. My home is in Berkshire, under the mountains of that name in New England."

"How long have you lived there?"

"Since I was five years old, sir."

"Where did you live before that?"

"On the Susquehanna River, at Harpersville, in the State of New York."

"Why did you leave Harpersville?"

"Because my aunt died, and Mrs. Wyman, whose adopted child I became, moved to Berkshire."

"Indeed! have you no parents living?" asked the Judge, with emotion.

"I know not, sir, that my own father is dead. He came to this coast when I was an infant. I would give the world to find him living."

"He is living!" broke in the Judge. "Your name is not Helen Wyman, but Helen Borie! You are my own daughter! God be praised!"—and he clasped her to his arms.

This unexpected denouement affected the whole household to tears. Clayton, glad beyond bounds, had a further history to unravel. It came out that when the Judge's first wife deceased, it broke his spirit and led him to hard drinking, and bore him on the first wave of excitement to California. Here he married again, after many ups and downs of fortune; and finally, to break away from old associates, he moved to Nevada. The adoption of Edward Clayton consoled him in some part for the loss of his daughter, of whom for years he had been unable to find any trace. A great portion of Helen's life had been passed in obscurity, buffeted by trial, until at length a fortune fell to the hands of her kind friend Mrs. Wyman. It was then whispered in her ear, for the first time, that there was a strong probability her own father was still living. This secret she had never confided to Edward Clayton; but it had moved her to visit him at the earliest possible opportunity.

As the day departed, the golden sun threw a rich light into that happy home, across the faces of father and children, and many others gathered in. In the foreground of the picture the children stood with love-joined hands, only waiting to be joined by law; and while the long shadows swept across the valley that April evening, Edward Clayton rehearsed to a merry company the story of his picturesque ride over the Sierra Nevada.

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THESE HOBBY-RIDERS.

BY MRS. H. V. REED.

RIDING hobbies? Yes, we are. Haven't we all some pet notion—some Magnus Apollo—among our ideas, before which the lesser lights must bow? Haven't we some beautiful theory which, though supported it may be only by imagination, is nevertheless our mental darling, in whose presence every-day thoughts are ignored? Common sense is too often sacrificed upon the altar of specialties; and hobby-riders still invade the paths of science, the groves of literature, and even the sacred temples of religion.

Look at the science of medicine: The world has but few fields of more importance than this. Disease dwells upon the fair plains and along the bright rivers of earth. Death is reaping with rapid strokes a bountiful harvest; and while our energies are spent in evading, as long as may be, the sweep of his sickle, we look anxiously toward the world of medicine. But, alas! every "pathy" becomes a hobby, ridden with zeal by both physician and patients. The "Old School" ridicules the theory of "*Similia Similibus Curantur*," and grows mirthful and witty at the expense of high dilutions and tiny pellets; while the advocates of infinitesimals turn their anathemas upon bleeding and blisters, calomel and fever-feeders. But lo! the "Botanic" rider reins up his hobby, all laden with "roots and herbs," and gravely informs the disputants that he possesses a panacea for all the ills that mortals inherit or create. While the people look wonderingly on to see the "doctors disagree"—while the sick man awaits the result with burning brain and bounding

pulse—while bells are tolling and graveyards are filling—"Hydropathy" comes near, with her well-washed garments, condemning without scruple all the sons of Esculapius, and promising to wash away the physical sins of the multitude. We find in her train an enthusiastic procession of pale-faced bran-eaters, riding the hobby of "hygiene;" ignoring the meat that was given for food, and consuming the husk of the grain and the wayside weeds. They give wise dissertations to prove that our long-lived grandfathers were wrong in their habits of diet, and that all the babies of a hundred years ago had their constitutions ruined by bad management. They forget that even the angels ate meat in the tents of Abraham; and as their shattered nerves and disgusted stomachs pass before us, we can but wonder how many of them will live as long as the less abstemious patriarch.

These hobby-riders are eccentric characters; but we want some variety among mankind, and we are blessed with an abundance of that commodity. Just look creation over and you will find any amount of similarities, but no duplicates. Adam's career began a long time ago, and since then the theater of earth has been well supplied with actors; but among them all no face has been the counterpart of another, no character has been repeated. Humanity is a peculiar combination, all made up of physical outlines and mental irregularities. See that old bachelor over the way! His brain has been all one-sided for a quarter of a century. His hobby is "Female Perfection." He is always sneering at womankind as

it is, and commenting upon the imaginary virtues of the fortunate creature whom he still intends to honor some day with his name. But he has been looking for that rare combination some twenty years. He thought he had found her once; but, as he grew confidential, was surprised to learn that she was a little particular about the kind of man she married. Since then he has gradually grown into a chronic woman-hater. Wonder what such left-hand ciphers were designed for! Can't Uncle Sam send them all on a mission to Central Africa? What an interesting colony they would make, and what a millennium they would have, unmolested by gaiters and crinoline!

But the old bachelors are not alone in their sinning. Don't we know of a woman that is ahead of them any day? There she is, with her gaunt visage towering far above the "sisterhood." To be sure, her style of beauty is slightly angular, and very suggestive of the science of anatomy; but hasn't she a "mission"? She was born long before "Woman's Rights" were, but woe to the unlucky human that dare question *Aer* rights! She is a reformer, gentlemen! She intends to revolutionize the world with that tongue of hers. Oh, that tongue! how it does rattle when she goes around the village to lecture the ladies on the faults of their husbands, until every loyal wife feels a pious inclination to box her ears. Let not all the "strong-minded" take offense, for we know of only two women in the world to whom the above description applies;—one is an old maid and the other a childless wife; and both of them are just now making a hobby of the "Management of Infants." Have you ever read Miss —'s "Lectures to Young Mothers"? Well, that isn't a circumstance to her personal supervision. These "reformers" are death on babies, and rather abrupt on the question of discipline. Did you ever

see an individual of either sex who had wandered through the world "fancy free" for an indefinite number of years, that didn't know exactly how to manage their neighbors' children? But if they do "commit matrimony" late in life, and are blessed with human olive plants, we usually learn that they grow up "wild olives" from the want of culture.

The fields of literature are haunted with hobbies. Where did you ever see a novel that had not for its basis the same old story of love and matrimony that has echoed through the ages ever since Adam won the affections of Eve? And what a similarity among their heroines—pale-faced girls nearly all of them, with decided tendencies to consumption; but, strange to say, they live through trouble and hardship enough to kill half a dozen healthy women, and perhaps get well after their friends are dead. They have a faculty, too, of always looking well; if they cry, it doesn't make their noses red; and when reduced to poverty, and obliged to become servants, they can do all kinds of work without soiling their hands or the immaculate "white robe" in which they are always arrayed. Why don't they tell us how many white dresses they have, and where they can always get the everlasting "rose" to wear in their hair. And why, pray tell us, why do they all make such a hobby of consumption? Why can't they let somebody die with something else? Even dropsy would be an improvement by way of variety. Who ever heard of a heroine with dyspepsia, jaundice or erysipelas, or a hero who was troubled with rheumatism, sore throat, or even a cold in his head? No wonder that the persistent novel-reader becomes narrow-chested and hollow-eyed; perhaps some of them die of consumption out of pure sympathy.

Novel-writers are not alone, however, in their tendency to specialities. Poets are troubled in the same way; but we

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will only give one illustrious example. Homer, the grandest uninspired poet of any age, made a hobby of his mythology. What would the *Iliad* have been without it? Hardly readable, perhaps; and yet his ancient divinities look quite objectionable to us. Jove was rather sublime, to be sure, but he was always hurling thunderbolts at somebody's head; and Vulcan was a fellow of some science—though we lack proof that his blacksmithing ever benefited anybody. Juno was probably fine looking, but she wasn't a bit agreeable when things didn't suit her. Venus was rather pretty—though no one knew it better than she; and Mars was always a fighting character. Apollo played the harp, and sometimes used a silver bow; but one he was heir to, and the other he found. Not a divinity among them all could have made either of them—mythology to the contrary notwithstanding. But then, mankind must have something to worship. We remember reading about a people that worshiped a golden calf once, and they knew, better too; but we regret to say that men will still worship such things, and between the gold, the calves and the greenbacks, there are lots of idols in the world now. We are growing very practical; and brown-stone fronts, with accompaniments, command more worshipers than Jove and Juno ever did. Those classical deities have all lost caste, except Pluto, and he has more followers now than ever.

There is no subject, perhaps, which has been carried to such extremes as that of religion. Pure and sacred in itself, its ideas and principles have been wrestled from their connection, distorted in their meaning, and made the hobbies of many fanatical riders. Here and there a bold reformer discovers a new and valuable truth; but instead of waiting modestly for more light, he jumps on to his new idea, and gallops across the pages of "Church History."

He is followed, of course, by a few; and, building up a new sect, he looks back into the fold he has left, and coolly informs its inmates that they are either "lost sheep," or have all turned to goats since his exit, and they have no chance of future happiness unless they will carefully step in every track he has made, pronounce his shibboleth, and acknowledge that but for him there could have been no salvation to the present age. Some are so jealous for their "faith" that they grow very careless about their work, while others think that it makes little difference what you believe if you can only keep your face straight. They mistake "the blues" for religion, and "settled melancholy" for sanctification. They see nothing but misery in the world; and, with long-drawn faces unknown to happiness, they take it for granted they are pious, when the truth is they are only bilious. They go to meeting to "bear the cross," when perhaps they have been as cross as bears all the week. He who "lived among the tombs" anciently was "possessed of devils;" and we can not wonder at it much, when we consider the place of his habitation. These solemnities bring up their children on calomel and catechisms, and the young scions are sure to graduate on Dickens and dyspepsia. Why can't they see daylight in this bright world, all flooded with golden sunshine? The grand old trees are filled with singing birds, and every warbler is a rare music-box, tuned and wound by the hand of God. The hill-sides and prairies are enameled with pearly flowers, and their fragrance is borne upon the music-laden breeze. "Then cheer up, desponding pilgrim!" Let praise be heard instead of mourning, and grateful hearts give out the joyous notes of love. The woof of life is saddened by many a grief-worn thread, and marked by the dark stains of sin and death. Still, the Great Giver hath lent us more of joy than

sorrow—more rays of hope than clouds of dark despair.

"There is no dearth of kindness
In this bright world of ours,
And only in our blindness
We cull the thorns for flowers."

The path of life may sometimes be shrouded in darkness, and the thorns may wound anew our bleeding feet; but hope and love still wait upon our footsteps, while faith gilds with glory the fair hill-tops of futurity.

Gentlemen, let your hobbies rest—you can't control the destinies of earth,

nor hasten her course along the track of ages. A strong hand is at the helm, and all will yet be well. We need not fret our tiny lives with affairs that we can neither understand nor control. If we are true to ourselves and to God—if we work out patiently the problems of duty—if we seek the poetry of life in the pathway of virtue and truth—we shall find many a bright gem of moral worth, and many a flower of happiness within our reach, while the great beyond is full of blessings.

TIME'S DEFENSE.

From the German of A. Grün.

BY ALEPPA.

ON the table sparkle brightly crucifix and taper-light;
Judges are assembled round it, justice to dispense to-night.

Present Time, the evil-doer, they have called before their bar,
For their plans and resolutions he doth counteract and mar.

But the one whom they have summoned—Time—has no spare time on hand;
Can not for examination in a court of justice stand.

Whilst they are deliberating, onward he doth wend his way;
But he sends instead his counsel, and instructs him thus to say:

"Do not slander Time, the pure one, when the blame rests on yourselves!
Time is like unwritten paper, stored away upon your shelves;

"There you find it without blemish—if what on it you have writ
You find so unedifying, pray, who should be blamed for it?

"Time is like a crystal goblet, which transparently doth shine;
Yet sweet wine it will not yield you, if you fill it up with brine!

"Time is also like a corn-field—but if thistles there are sown,
Will it be a cause for wonder that no wheat on it hath grown?

"Time is like a field of battle—heroes there can bravely fight,
Whereas cowards will find on it ample space for taking flight!

"Time is like a harp—when bunglers wish to test its power and tone,
The dire discord is sufficient to make all who hear it moan!

"Then do ye like Amphion make it pour forth tones so sweet and clear
That to life the stones may waken, and all Nature rush to hear!"

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CHINESE ETHICS.

BY FRANK GILBERT.

THE modest tea-plant, without perfume or gaudy foliage, has a meaning hardly less bloody and significant than the rose of England; for it was the innocent occasion of the Revolutionary War. From that time on, nature's symbol of modesty has also been history's symbol of liberty. It is no mere poetic fancy that sees in the initial incident of our struggle for independence the prophecy of a future that is now just beginning to unfold. When the two great oceans were united by that vast chain of which the Pacific Railroad is the last and noblest link, the two continents of Asia and America were also brought together. The Chinese question had hitherto been confined to the Pacific States, but the last spike of our great continental railway gave this problem to the entire nation for practical solution.

In solving it, grave difficulties are sure to be encountered. Having disposed of Sambo, broken his chains, and, by giving him the ballot, eliminated him from politics (this task is so nearly completed that we may speak of it as an accomplished fact), we must next deal with Chang. The Asiatic question will not, we trust, approach the African in difficulty; but it will most assuredly lead to a stubborn and desperate conflict of opinion. Already the dominant democracy of California has for its cardinal doctrine hostility to Chinese immigration. As "John" moves eastward, this hostility will follow him, and very likely gather strength as it goes. In a few years he will be as omnipresent and irrepressible as the ubiquitous Patrick. Deplore or desire it, hinder or aid it, when the time comes the tide of immigration will rise and sweep on

its course, laughing to scorn all puny opposition. The problem of China has, therefore, no parallel in importance. It is also complicated in the extreme, the popular ideas of Chinese civilization and character being for the most part wide of the truth. We shall in this paper confine ourselves to such facts and considerations as bear directly upon the solution of the practical question before us.

Upon the very outset one is struck by the resemblance between the United States and China, or Chung Kwoh, as the people themselves call it. The two countries occupy substantially the same relative positions in their respective hemispheres. Their eastern lines of sea-coast are very similar in extent and contour. The same varieties of climate are found in both lands. Their rivers and mountains present a striking resemblance to each other. These analogies are neither fanciful nor trivial. It is further noteworthy that the political divisions of that kingdom have a general likeness to those of this republic. The state, county and township divisions of this nation, correspond to the Shihpahseng, Fu and Hien of that. We may add, in passing, that while the area of China is nearly double that of this country, we have here about twice as many States.

Right here our chain of analogies abruptly breaks off, and a series of contrasts present themselves. The Chinese cities are walled. The country is densely peopled. Instead of railroads there are sedans; instead of steamers, junks; instead of labor-saving machinery, the most primitive implements of industry. While the American farmer, especially the Western, is noted

for broad acres and supreme indifference to trifles, the Chinese farmer has a mere garden plot, taxing and husbanding its resources with the utmost care.

Leaving the superficial for the integral, the first thing to be considered is Confucianism, or, as it has been fitly called, Oriental Positivism. From whatever point of the compass we approach China, we are met by it. The very air is laden with it. Confucius was not a speculative philosopher like Plato or Bacon, the founder of a religion like Jesus or Mahomet, a law-giver like Solon or Justinian, a reformer like Luther or Howard. He was like, yet unlike, all these. Nothing in the whole realm of the actual was foreign to his thoughts; nothing in the whole realm of the imaginary entered at all into his intellectual calculus. Herein he stands upon an isolation from all the other great and good men of the race, and herein we have an explanation of the fact that Chinese character is to be studied through a study of Confucianism.

In the province or state of Shantung, and county of Yinchau, Khoung-tsen was born, B. C. 551. His disciples called him Kung-fust, "Teacher Kung;" and the Jesuit missionaries latinized the title. He was born of the traditional "poor but honest parents." He early became famous for wisdom, and was drawn into politics. Finding, however, the air of court uncongenial to his tastes, he gave himself to travel and instruction, in the hope of reforming current evils. Thoroughly honest and free from superstition, he claimed no divine afflatus, scorned the jugglery of miracles, and contented himself with the known. Introducing no novelties, he prescribed no quack nostrum as a panacea for the ills of life. His wondrous genius was applied to the study of the ancients, and of institutions political and social. His contempt for the vague, inferential and hypothetic, "frae monie a blunder" freed him, and foolish notion.

With all his thoroughness, his teachings were far from being satisfying to human inquiry. What he knew nothing about he said nothing about. Questioned touching death, that riddle of all the ages, his answer was: "Imperfectly acquainted with life, how can I know of death?"

The Confucian literature is extensive, and its range of inquiry, as we have seen, is wide beyond precedent; but we have in five words the index to the whole system. It is summed up in what are called the "Five Virtues," much as the Commandments of Moses and the Beatitudes of Jesus epitomize their respective systems. These Virtues are: Benevolence, Righteousness, Propriety, Knowledge and Faith. It will be observed that, so far as they go, these Virtues bear a close resemblance to the Beatitudes of Christianity. There is this noticeable difference, however: the doctrine of returning good for evil Confucius did not endorse. Upon one occasion he fell in with Laots, the founder of the Taoist sect, and the dialogue between them is preserved in a volume that has recently been rendered into English. Laots said: "Confucius, what think you of the doctrine of the ancients, 'Thou shalt love thine enemy'?" To this the sage replied: "If I love mine enemy, what have I left for my friend? Be just to all." This is noticeable as one of the very few instances in which Confucius deviated from the ethics of the Chinese fathers.

The key to his whole system, and to the moral character of the Chinese nation, is this: Reciprocity. By this is meant: first, do to others as you would have them do to you; second, do to them as they do to you. This is somewhat paradoxical, and Chinese classics are very elaborate in defining and adjusting the relations of these poles of the Confucian sphere. The best way to at once get at a clear idea of the principles of this system, and the cardinal points in the Chinese civilization, is to

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take up the Virtues separately. We will premise that the precepts of this great teacher are more thoroughly exemplified than those of Christ are by any nation of Christendom. The tree may be known by its fruit, the fruit by its tree, to a degree remarkable. It is also worthy of note that, while Confucius passed over some great queries in silence, his instructions have proved so satisfactory, as a whole, that Christian propagandists find it next to impossible to enlist the sympathies of his disciples by preaching Christ and Him crucified.

In the Chinese mind, Benevolence is the first duty of man, and the primal condition of a well-regulated society. Without it, social jargon would be universal and chronic. This idea, like all ideas in that land, has, from the earliest date of history, been eminently practical. Not frittering itself away in foolish sentimentality, it has wrought out a system of organized charity that even the benevolence of our nineteenth century has not excelled. The diamonds which adorn the brow of this present age, have from time immemorial shone like stars in the crown of Chinese civilization. Orphan asylums, asylums for the aged, institutes for widows, for the blind, for helpless indigents, free schools for poor children, free dispensaries for the penniless sick, etc., mitigate the suffering and cheer the gloom of the unfortunate. Even animals are remembered. In mercy to the tempted, societies have been organized for the suppression of immoral books, and also for the dissemination of truth through the free distribution of moral tracts. In the large cities, historical societies are formed similar to our own. A people so utilitarian in their benevolence could hardly fail to exert a healthful influence, and stimulate us to more fidelity in the exemplification of the religion of Him who said "God is love."

By Righteousness, the second Virtue, is meant conformity to one's sense of duty—obedience to the higher law of conscience. In his great speech upon the admission of California into the sisterhood of States, William H. Seward proclaimed "the higher law" doctrine which placed him in the front rank of statesmanship; but more than two thousand years before he was born, Confucius had even more grandly enunciated the same doctrine as fundamental to political and social economy. He did not claim to fully exemplify the doctrine himself, neither did he look to see it consistently held by individuals or by the government; but the manly protest of the Chinese Emperor against the opium policy of Great Britain, showed that its political application was understood. And it is but just to say that the people of China are as upright in their business and social intercourse as any people on the globe. This is the concurrent testimony of the best informed judges. When Burns exhorted his young friend Andrew to rise above the "hangman's whip" of fear, and do right from a sense of honor, he was, in point of fact, a true disciple of Confucius. Not that the latter originated the idea—indeed, he could not get a patent upon any idea he advanced; but the wisdom of the ancients on this and other points he conserved and made vital and vitalizing.

As regards Propriety, the Chinese have run into ridiculous extremes. Etiquette occupies as prominent a place in the esteem of the people as ethics. For the forms and shadows of right, an absurd respect is entertained. "Show me a dignified man," says a contemporary American essayist, "and I will show you a dignified fool." This indicates the current notion of this day and land. But in China the precision and politeness of the olden times still obtain. What with us would be deemed inconsistent with self-respect, is there thought

to be no more than the common due of society. This obsequiousness, as we term it, accounts largely for the kicks and cuffs of the Chinese in California. To our brusque Occidental mind, the Confucian sense of propriety is contemptible. Without doubt "John" would do well, at least while among us, to adopt the freer manners of America. At the same time, it would not be amiss for our people to take a few lessons in etiquette from Confucius.

Not being a believer in the supernatural, or rather in any revelation touching it, Confucius did not make much account of his fifth Virtue, Faith, in the ordinary meaning of that term. That which constitutes the corner-stone of Pauline theology, and was the inspiration of Luther, did not enter into the Confucian system, even remotely. In his vocabulary, faith meant faithfulness in actions, truthfulness in speech. The binding nature of contracts, the duty of fulfilling pledges, the wickedness of slander, are not observed so closely, of course, in practice, as rigidly taught in theory; but it still remains that no other nation can boast greater excellence in these regards.

We have reserved the fourth Virtue to the last, because, even more than the others, it is the basis of politics. The others pertain to personal character, social institutions and intercourse, and to the principles of government; but this Virtue, Knowledge, underlies the very machinery of politics. The general value of education is not more highly appreciated in the United States and Germany than in China. To this is added that it is the one key to political power. In this country a politician may be learned or ignorant, wise or otherwise, pure or vile, honest or dishonest, without determining his success. These considerations may have a bearing upon the case, but the great question is, Can he pull the wires skillfully? Upon his tact

mainly depends the result. If he is a skillful figurer he is a good politician, and success opens for him the door to the palace built by, if not occupied by, American sovereignty. If he lacks in this qualification, let him abandon the political arena. In China, even more than in the United States, there is a "one thing needful." But there the wicker gate, the straight and narrow way, the key that opens the portal of power, is knowledge. Nothing else enters into the calculation. The Chinese office-seeker attends no ward meetings, makes no pledges, spends no money, makes no speeches; he simply pores over his books, the fabled midnight oil of the student lighting him on his way. There it is no mere figure of speech to say "Knowledge is power." This system, the suggestion of Jenckes' Civil Service bill, strikes one at first most favorably. There is so much disgraceful and hurtful ignorance in our political world, so much demagogism, that we appreciate the advantages of the Chinese system, and feel disposed to ignore its disadvantages; but, as a matter of fact, the system is pernicious as a whole. The mere possession of knowledge is not evidence of statesmanship. "With the knowledge of an angel," wrote Dr. Young, "a man may be a fool." A retentive memory may go with a defective judgment, and industry as a book-worm with indolence in practical matters. Webster was, as a scholar, left in the lurch by a class-mate who lived and died in a little Vermont village, unknown to fame—and that, too, from no ill-luck, but for the very good reason that he excelled only in a faculty for memorizing. The competitive system has, in practice, been very detrimental to China. Originality has been dwarfed and progress retarded. The mere scholar is rarely a man of force and independence of thought. What McClellan with his school lore was in the army, Chinese statesmen

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In a general way, the Chinese have unduly extolled mere knowledge. The past has its lessons and education its uses; but it has been well said that experience hangs its light on the stern of the ship and not the bow, while the danger is from breakers ahead and not from some pursuing fury. The cardinal defect of China is that there is no aspiration for better things and nobler than antiquity can boast. Confucius himself was the veriest conservative of all the wise men known to fame. He had no creative faculty himself, and did not foster its cultivation in others. The setting sun leaves a trail of splendor, but it is from the rays of the morning that vegetation most delights to draw inspiration. Progress, in all the grandeur of its meaning to us, has no synonym in the dictionary of Chinese civilization. This crowning virtue of our day and land finds no recognition in the philosophy or life of China.

One of the main evils of this undue worship of mere knowledge, this excessive conservatism, is that, while the Chinese people excel as imitators, they have no inventive faculty whatever. We noted upon the threshold of our discussion the more superficial points of resemblance and contrast between the two lands and peoples, and now we have to add that, in intellectual character, the cardinal difference lies in this—one is inventive, the other imitative. We are very explicit on this point, for it shows the preëminent fitness of the Chinese to supplement the Yankee and round out American civilization. We have gone ahead and laid the foundations; we must continue to direct affairs and keep society in all its ramifications on the track of progress. At the same time, we must be aided by relays such as China only can supply.

A recent writer in one of our monthlies, discoursed of "China in the

Kitchen." Without doubt "China" will cook and do general house-work for us; but it is wide of the mark to suppose China will be confined to the more menial industries, or be chiefly useful in helping Bridget. Already, "John" has not only cooked, washed, mined and graded on the slope, but he has proved himself a most skillful husbandman, factory operative, type-setter, etc. Some of the grandest achievements of Pacific agriculture are due to his brain and brawn. The vast wilderness between the Missouri and the ocean has reaches of desert alkali plains that no skill or culture can render productive; but it also has immense tracts that irrigation and laborious tillage can convert into a paradise. To that task the Chinese farmer is well adapted. He is familiar with the necessary process. As a tiller of the soil he has no superior.

If, however, we were asked to designate the main advantage, in an industrial point of view, likely to result from Chinese immigration, we should answer: Manufactures. Yankee ingenuity and enterprise, together with the abundance of our coal and of the various kinds of raw material, need only cheap and skillful labor to make America the workshop, the factory, of the world. With the help of China, we can realize a manufacturing greatness and wealth that shall eclipse England's palmiest day.

We may, therefore, say that the Chinese question is a wheel within a wheel, being in its solution the solvent of the industrial, especially the manufacturing, problem of the continent. Europe laid the foundation of a civilization in America that has already, even in its infancy, surpassed, in some important respects, the proudest attainments of the Old World, ancient or modern; and now Asia is beginning to furnish the necessary material for developing the full-orbed symmetric ideal of the future to its grandest realization.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE population of New England has been wittily nomenclatured saints, sinners and the Beecher family. There are so many of the Beecher family distinguished, one way or another, that if there were no saints, and even no sinners, in New England, it would still be a remarkable land—a land of illustrious and of beneficent genius. Let us consider briefly and in somewhat desultory manner of the life, writings and statesmanship of the greatest of the great family, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Up to the time when Mrs. Stowe achieved the most marvelous literary success in the history of works of fiction, and made possible the organization and success of the most marvelous party in the history of politics, her life had been that simply of a brilliant child; of a Christian wife and mother, who had written some pleasing stories and some pious poetry. Her father, the celebrated Dr. Lyman Beecher, had a remarkably versatile genius, being distinguished for great ability in polemical discussion, in pulpit oratory and in unsurpassed capacity for fun. He was the Tom Corwin of American theologians—powerful in argumentation and perfectly irresistible in eloquence and wit. If the angels did not laugh at Dr. Beecher's wit they must be hypo'd beings. It sparkled with a heavenly light. The first wife of this remarkable man was Roxanna Foote, a grand-daughter of General Ward, of Revolutionary fame. The children of this union were Catharine, William, Edward, Mary, George, Harriet, Henry Ward, and Charles;—half a dozen men and women of bright renown—unanswerable argument against the celibacy of

the Christian ministry! Harriet was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14, 1812. Her mother died four years afterwards; but her sweet and gentle disposition, her fine talents, her exalted character, had made an impression upon her children which has never been removed. She motherly governs them yet. The beautiful letter of Mary to the Doctor, in "The Minister's Wooing," is a copy of a letter written by Mrs. Stowe's mother many years ago. The little girl spent her orphanage with her mother's friends, and with them acquired a love of the form of worship of the Episcopal church, which is probably equal to her love of the more simple form of the Congregationalists. Her father married again, however, in about two years, and home was reestablished, with a "beautiful lady, very fair, with bright blue eyes and soft auburn hair," telling the children she loves them and will be their mother. And she kept her word. This was Harriet Porter, of Portland, Dr. Beecher's second wife. In the new home the child-life of the future novelist was developed under circumstances peculiarly favorable upon the whole. Dr. Beecher was himself a most admirable educator of children. He had the knack of being a child himself. He took part in the sports and in the studies of the children, imparting to them wisdom and receiving from them the spirit and the power of naturalness, simplicity and purity. "Come, George," said the Doctor, one night when a great quantity of apples had to be prepared for the annual apple-butter, "I'll tell you what we'll do. You and I'll take turns at the apple-peeler, and at seeing who'll tell the most out of Scott's novels."

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The result was a great deal of intellectual enjoyment and improvement, and a great deal of apple-butter, of all which Harriet had her fair share. She committed to memory many hymns, and many chapters of the Bible; read every thing she could lay hands on, showing a partiality for Scott's novels, one of which—"Ivanhoe"—she and her brother George read through seven times in the course of a summer, so that they could recite many of its scenes from beginning to end. What with reading Scott, Moore, Byron, Irving, and the old standards, the valuable lessons of home, of "Aunt Esther," of the excellent society of Litchfield, of the special teachings of her sister Catharine, Harriet Beecher, at twelve years of age, was a shy girl, who had acquired much knowledge, and could write "compositions" remarkable for originality of thought and happy touches of delineation of Yankee character. At about this age she went to Hartford, where Catharine had opened a school for young ladies, among whom were some since widely known, but none who were at the time so eccentric or so studious as the plain but bright-eyed, curly-haired "sister of Miss Beecher." Here Miss Beecher completed her studies, and then became an assistant in the school.

Meanwhile Dr. Beecher had moved to Walnut Hills, near the city of Cincinnati, and was doing what he might to place Lane Theological Seminary on the road to success. Associated with him was Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, Professor of Biblical Literature,—a man of thought, of varied culture, and of wonderful talent in story-telling. He probably upset more heresy by anecdotes than has ever been upset by arguments, not to mention fires and fagots. Early in the year 1836 Professor Stowe and Harriet Beecher were married. She had before this published some poems and short tales, which are still read.

And now the "Semicolon Club" was formed, in its membership being not a few men and women who have since become distinguished in science and letters. Under its influence, in great degree, the Elizabethan era of Cincinnati literature was inaugurated. Now it was that the "Western Monthly Magazine" flourished, under the editorship of Hall; that Mrs. Stowe, Catharine Beecher, E. P. Cranch, Mansfield, Daniel Drake, O. M. Mitchell, two or three Misses Blackwell, Caroline Lee Hentz, and others, became known to fame; that an impulse to literary pursuits was given which for years afterwards made Cincinnati writers famous; which established noted schools, colleges, and newspapers. There never has been in the West, perhaps, so brilliant a literary circle as that of Cincinnati during the years of which we speak. Mrs. Stowe was its acknowledged queen. Her contributions to the "Semicolon Club" were often received with great applause, whilst her stories in Judge Hall's magazine attracted general attention and favorable criticism. Not long after her marriage a number of her "Semicolon" papers, and her sketches in the Cincinnati magazine, with some also which had appeared in Godey's magazine, were published in a volume, appropriately named the "Mayflower."

And here the sentence of her literary life might have ended unfinished, at a semicolon point, but for the strange events which were taking place on the theater of American politics. Her time and thoughts seemed to be almost wholly absorbed with the duties of domestic life. It was only seeming. She was in reality preparing herself for the great work of her life and of her times. Many of the Southern slaves at this time sought freedom by escape to the North. Cincinnati was an active station on the underground railroad, and Walnut Hills was the depot. Many a slave was concealed in Professor Stowe's

house. From these Mrs. Stowe learned what slavery was. She saw its terrible effects too, both upon the slave and the free, in the course of many visits to Kentucky and other parts of the country where slavery existed. There was no place where she could have seen more clearly how the public had become more than demoralized by the baleful influence of the wicked system. There were many stout-hearted Abolitionists at Cincinnati; but the combined influences of politics, of polite society, and of the Christian church itself, exerted all their blandishments, all their power, to put those Abolitionists down. It was there and then that Salmon P. Chase, with a courage that was sublime, braved political, professional, social, even personal ostracism, and assassination, in behalf of the principle and the practice of freedom. But he did not prevail. The evil triumphed. With here and there an exception, the whole people, whether of the clergy or the laity, bowed the knee to Baal. There is nothing more contemptible than the statesmanship of that era, unless it be the Christian religion of that era. They united in driving the cold iron into the soul of the enslaved nation, and then into the soul of the enslaving nation. The questions which divided the political parties of the times were utterly without importance. The old circular twaddle of the Sophists was wisdom indeed, in comparison with the political discussions of those days. They fittingly culminated in the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act by Congress, and a powerful attempt to have Christianity wholly devoted to the business of rendering unto Cæsar the things that are God's. Daniel Webster, of New England, and Henry Clay, of the South, were the best representatives of the statesmanship of the times, no doubt. Both had been opposed to African slavery, but both labored with all their might and main for the en-

slavement of the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent—for that is what the Fugitive Slave Law meant. The people seemed to acquiesce with willingness, yea, with pleasure. Both the political parties of the times accepted the measure as a finality—as a triumph of statesmanship and wisdom over fanaticism and folly! The dreary drivel of the public men of those times it is even yet almost sickening to consider. The intellectual ruin of Webster was complete. His 7th of March speech, showing the awful pit into which he was about to cast himself headlong, scarcely less than archangel ruined, is one of the saddest facts of history. The herd of public men who followed him were of less account.

That they did not drag the nation down with them to a common ruin, and put off the triumph of liberty for many generations, was due to the fine audacity of the Abolitionists, and notably to a work of creative genius which appeared about this time, and, rapidly going to all the households of the land and of Christendom, aroused a sympathy for the slave and a love of freedom through which the slave and freedom at length gained a signal victory. This work was Mrs. Stowe's story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," than which there is no finer example of the truth long ago uttered, that books govern the world.

During the latter years of the compromising period of our politics, and even since, the partizan journals of our national capital were noted for servility on the one hand or brilliant gushings of what can only be called newspaperial prize-fighting on the other. An exception must be made in favor of "The National Era," under the editorship of Dr. Bailey. Whether thereto inspired in any degree by a friend and guest in the person of a young and very remarkable lady, since known to fame under the *nom de plume* of "Gail Hamilton"

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—terror of bad husbands and cowards generally—it is certain that Dr. Bailey rendered beneficent aid to liberty in the newspaper which we have named. It was in this paper that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" first appeared; the result of a bargain, in which the consideration was insignificant, for a story in illustration of the folly, and madness, and wickedness of slavery, and particularly of the Fugitive Slave Law. The time was propitious. The "Era" fairly leaped into a circulation all over the country. As the story unraveled itself week by week, and the characters and incidents grew in interest with the unfolding of the plot, the paper was every where awaited with impatience. In every college of the North, in thousands of families, the story was read to classes, or clubs, and around domestic hearths, and then sent to bring like gratification to other classes, clubs, and firesides. Before the publication was half done in the "Era" the interest in it among the cultivated families of the North was well nigh universal. Before the death of poor St. Clair was evolved, thousands of people were more deeply concerned for the welfare of Uncle Tom than had ever been deeply concerned for the welfare of Henry Clay or of Daniel Webster. When the work was published in book form the demand could not be supplied. Every copy served the purpose of a score of copies. The writer hereof, then at college, was so fortunate as to secure the "very first copy." He read it to three families, and some of the neighbors, including not less than seventy-five persons. He ordered more copies, and read the work three or four times over to good audiences, and saw that the extra copies were doing similar heavy duty. His own copies of the work were surely read by and to as many as one thousand souls, all of which from that time forth became determined enemies of human slavery. And thus it was all over the North. There was an

"Uncle Tom" excitement, an "Uncle Tom" *furor*, the like of which had never been known in the history of literature, and has since been equaled only by the wonderful demand for newspapers during the war of emancipation. Within six months over one hundred and fifty thousand copies had been sold in America, and it had been read or listened to by millions of persons. The London publishers sold two hundred and forty thousand copies in one month! It was speedily translated into every European language and into some of the languages of Asia. Before intelligence of the death of the statesman of Marshfield had reached the antipodes, it is probable that more than one hundred millions of human beings had wept over the death of "Uncle Tom."

This prodigious success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not due to the fortuitous general interest in the subject of which it treated. A score of works appeared soon after the publication of Mrs. Stowe's story, treating of the same subject. They completely failed. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" achieved its remarkable success because it deserved it. It is a most consummate work of art. Not in the greatest work of Dickens, not in the greatest work of Scott, has genius grouped together more varied characters or placed them in more interesting scenes. Not in the most artistic work of either of those great story-writers does every character and every incident help on the general movement of the plot, and bring about the denouement, more naturally than does every character and every incident in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In no other story are there characters which draw forth more earnest sympathy and love, or more earnest detestation, and there are none which are more true to nature. But the greatness of this artist's genius did not stop here. It inspired the characters it created with almost miraculous power. They exhibited slavery not only

as they were individually concerned therewith, but they held up to view the whole system, so that it could be seen with the mind's eye in all its terrible nature—corrupting commerce, destroying domestic happiness, degrading politics, enfeebling statesmanship, imbruting men and women, sinking a great nation in dishonor, paganizing Christianity, assuming the Creator to be a ruffian. Over against this fearful system "Uncle Tom's Cabin" placed the system of freedom in all its beauty and might. "I have not read a novel for thirty years," said Lord Palmerston, "but I have read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' three times, not for the story, but for the statesmanship of it." The work not only inflicted a mortal wound upon slavery, but upon the unconscionable system of politics produced by slavery; it killed the whole tribe of small politicians stone dead. It will be impossible to restore to prominence the unimportant questions about which the old parties wrangled. Wisdom is not so much knowledge as it is reflection; and under the inspiration of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the people learned how to think. They became a nation of statesmen. They swept away trifling things and men, and in themselves illustrated national justice, national morality, and national greatness. It was "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which made the way for the formation of the Republican party and for the emancipation of the slaves.

The author of a work so admirable in literature, so great in statesmanship, became at once illustrious. Her name was on the lips of all the people of Christendom. She has since written several works, widely differing from each other in nature and merit; but nothing comparable, upon the whole, to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The work next following, in the order of time, was the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," a volume of facts and figures, of testimony upon the question of slavery, valuable to the

nation, and happily and forcibly put by the author, but a work of supererogation, after all. "Uncle Tom" had himself opened the minds and hearts of the people. The dry facts were like a chemist's formula of a storm in the Rocky Mountains tacked on to Bierstadt's painting! When Mrs. Stowe was engaged upon "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she was her own cook, and—angels and ministers of grace defend us—we suspect, her own *femme de chambre*! She, no doubt, wrote much of the work betwixt the turning of griddle-cakes and the washing of dishes. It has been stated by one of her biographical-sketchers, that she did not have a single silk dress to her name! What with her tremendous intellectual activity and her home labors, she worked so much that her health was seriously impaired. She accordingly went to Europe. She was received with every evidence of kindness, of gratitude, and of admiration. The accounts of the public meetings in her honor can not have passed from the general memory. Some time after her return to America she published "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," being her kindly impressions of the peoples and countries she had seen, and the personal friendships she had formed abroad, written in the form of letters to friends at home. We do not call to mind any book of travels in the English language of more varied information, of more interesting descriptions, whether of national institutions, of society, or of scenery. Mrs. Stowe's Mont Blanc, and Alpine glaciers, are the finest in printers' ink. No more appropriate name for the work could have been imagined. There is a glowing warm sunshine through these Memories as genial as that of the great artist's Yo Semite. Mrs. Stowe made a second voyage to Europe, but published no account of her travels. In 1856 appeared "Dred; a Tale of the Dismal Swamp," since published

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under the more appropriate name of "Nina Gordon." There are portions of this work, delineations of character, of wonderful power; but in its greatness it is fragmentary. As an intellectual study it is of the highest value; but, as the Yankees would say, it is troubled with fits and starts. It is like Byron to Shakespeare. The next literary undertaking of Mrs. Stowe was a tale of New England life and manners—"The Minister's Wooing"—which appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" magazine during the year 1859. In respect of what we may call purely literary merits, this is, perhaps, her greatest work. It was supposed to rasp certain religious Yankee notions, and was assailed as heterodox. It is in reality a work of a profoundly religious nature, and of great artistic excellence as a novel. It is the richest lead of Yankee character which any body delving in those mines had then struck. "Agnes of Sorrento" appeared also in the "Atlantic," in 1862, and may be taken, to be brief, as an evidence of versatile creative powers not inferior to that shown by the author of *Waverley* in his delineations of life on the continent of Europe in "Anne of Geierstein."

Her most recent work, "Old Town Folks," is not surpassed by any late novel in the delineation of certain kinds of character most difficult of delineation, and in the representation of the wonderful power upon the individual soul and upon society of religious ideas and of religious conflicts. The inner, the soul history of New England is nowhere more truly set forth than in "Old Town Folks." It is there that "New England ideas" will be found more accurately depicted than anywhere else. But there is no plot. It is a string of orient pearls at random strung—there being no beginning, no middle, and no end, strictly so considered, to the work. If it had, as a novel, the artistic merits of "Uncle

Tom's Cabin," we suspect it might sweep several notable abuses and imported barbarisms from the land, as that swept slavery. As it is, the statesman who would study the subtle influences of religious ideas on society and in the state will find an invaluable lesson in "Old Town Folks."

Genius which delineates human nature is a born democrat. It is forever setting up the sovereignty of man and pulling down pretense. Even Sir Walter Scott, though by party connection a Tory, and by education a stickler for rank, was in his heart of hearts truly democratic. A maiden of a proscribed race, Rebecca, the Jewess of York, is at once the loveliest and the greatest of his female characters. In presence of kings, of noblemen, of proud churchmen, of high-born ladies; in the midst of dangers and persecutions; though wearing the badge of proscription and outlawry, she moves among the men and women of a chivalrous age, and who despise her, with a dignity, a majesty and a loveliness which give the finest scenes of "Ivanhoe" their greatest beauty and power. Not even the beautiful and beloved Mary Queen of Scots is half so fine, or half so heroic, in "The Abbot," as Jeannie Deans, the daughter of a cow-feeder, in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." He seems to have poured out the very richest cream of his genius in Monkbarrow, "The Antiquary," who thought more of the ink of his printer ancestor than of all the blood that ever flowed in all the veins of all the Plantagenets. Geddes, in "Red Gauntlet," is a fine prophecy of John Bright. We might mention many other like instances. If Scott be true to history in his delineations of persons of rank, it will be seen that he is always greater when delineating plain human nature. Dickens is all democracy. A lord comes out of his alembic a "sumph" with constant certainty. We think he has not yet taken

the pains to pick out a single genuine gentleman or lady from English "society." Thackeray illustrates the truth most superbly. The same power is shown by Mrs. Stowe; but more wonderfully than by either Scott or Dickens. The hero of heroes is a poor slave, as the story of stories is that of which he is the principal character; for the reason, perhaps, that it goes to the foundation of human nature, as it were, and shows that the humblest manhood is that which is most digni-

fied and may be made most radiant with the light of heaven. From the depths of a well we may see the stars at noonday. We dig down for diamonds and for gold. From a manger came the Saviour. From the hovel of the slave it was proper as well as philosophical that genius should lead forth him by whom, through the subtle potency of ideas, old things in politics were to pass away and all things to become new.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY A. T. FREED.

NIGHT is around thee: slumber, with dainty fingers,
Holdeth thine eyelids bound;
Darkness, with dreamy fancies painted, lingers
Delicately around.

The winds of the night are creeping across the meadow,
Whispering legends old,
Told in the valley's depth and forest's shadow—
Out on the waters told.

The tremulous night is starred with gold and amber,
Radiant with throbbing gleams;
And thou art in thy solitary chamber,
Asleep in the land of dreams.

And all thy chamber trembles with the flutter
And breath of angels' wings,
Crowding upon thine innocent sleep to utter
Unutterable things!

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CURRENT NOTES.

JOHN CHINAMAN.—The current of Chinese emigration, having established itself on the Pacific Coast, has passed over the Sierra Nevada, and will soon pour into the Mississippi Valley. Already have we had in Chicago the *avant couriers* of the coming tide, in Sing Man and Ching Chow. It is well that we learn something of our future neighbors; and here we may say, that whoever imagines that they are barbarians is grossly mistaken; so far from it, they are educated—all in reading and writing,—are industrious in their habits, and in many of the arts are our equals.

The Chinese trace back their chronology, in an unbroken succession of dynasties, to Hoang-ti, 2637 B. C. Sse-ma-thsian is their Herodotus who, 104 B. C., compiled the annals of his nation in one hundred and thirty volumes, which are extant in European libraries. The earliest original documents in their archives go back to the dynasty of Chang, B. C. 1766, when, according to Lepsius, Abraham was unborn.

They had their philosophers who taught a pure and elevated morality. One of them thus declared: "Hold it not meet to do unto others what they would not have done to thyself." This was 500 years before this maxim was proclaimed in Judea, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Confucius (Khong-tseu), however, was their great teacher in morality. His system was comprised in one word—*Humanity*; that is, universal charity amongst all our species, without distinction. It is *uprightness*; that is, that rectitude of spirit and of heart which makes one seek for truth in every thing, and to desire it, without deceiving oneself or

deceiving others. It is, finally, *sincerity* or *good faith*, which is to say, that frankness, that openness of heart, tempered by self-reliance, which excludes all feints and all disguisings, as much in speech as in action.

Such exalted precepts might appropriately be inculcated in Wall Street or at the Chicago Board of Trade.

The arts and sciences have long been cultivated among them. From this source we derive many of our most useful inventions and discoveries—the art of printing, the mariner's compass, gunpowder, etc. Distinction is only conferred as a reward for learning; and dignity is not hereditary, but is the result of personal merit.

The mandarins do not obtain their rank except after repeated examinations, and after having established their superiority over their competitors by the unanimous verdict of the examiners. Every one is educated, and he has every stimulant to make himself a proficient, that he may compete for the highest prizes.

The population of the empire is estimated at over 350,000,000! Their public works exhibit an amount of human labor unsurpassed, except, perhaps, in ancient Egypt. The great wall, erected several centuries before the Christian Era, was 1200 miles in extent, and was carried over the highest mountains and through the deepest valleys. The great canal penetrates the interior for 650 miles, and serves both to irrigate the land and convey its products to market. The most distant parts of the empire are connected by good roads, no impediments being too formidable, no labor or expense too great. Every rood of available ground

is assiduously cultivated, and every particle of organic matter, even to the exuvie of the human body, is carefully gathered and returned to the soil. They are superior to every other people in the art of irrigation, and are just such a population as we require to develop our arid plains.

In many branches of manufacturing industry they are unsurpassed. Their porcelain works in the material and brilliancy of coloring, their lacquered ware, their carving and inlaying of wood, their ivory-ware, their paper fabrics, and their weaving in silk and cotton, command a ready sale in the markets of the world.

But John Chinaman, we grieve to say, has some vices which he failed to cast overboard into the Pacific, in his passage to this country. He is passionately fond of gambling, in which he uses peculiar cards and dice, and in this practice he is notoriously addicted to cheating. So conscious is he that he labors under this imputation that, to do away with the effect, he will stick up in his shop-window this notification—"No cheating done here."

He is very obsequious to his guests, and the lower he bows the greater the homage. He assents to every proposition, and in his conversation he scrupulously abstains from every unpleasant allusion. His main food is dry rice, eaten with chop-sticks; but the head of an ass is a great delicacy. Edible birds'-nests are eaten with *gout*; nor are dogs, cats, rats and mice rejected.

John, in his faculties, is less inventive than imitative, as a friend of ours found to his cost, who took a pair of pants to a Chinese tailor and charged him emphatically, in making another pair, not to deviate from the pattern. But, unfortunately, the original had received an envious rent which had been cured by an enormous patch, and when the new pair was returned, this defect was faithfully duplicated.

In San Francisco, the Chinese occupy a distinct quarter of the town, and a stranger going there may well imagine himself in Pekin or Shanghai. The Chinese merchant wears the same style of clothing as the meanest Coolie, but of finer materials. He is shrewd, drives a hard bargain, and lends his money at a high rate of interest. There are hundreds of bazars where "varieties" are kept and sold wonderfully cheap, although, at the outset, the shop-keeper will put on twice the price which he is willing to take. He is overflowing in his attentions, and cheerfully shows you every thing, although you fail to buy. If you pass his shop afterwards, he will invite you in to take a seat and indulge in a cup of tea. The barbers constitute an important class, who find active employment in shaving the head, cleaning the ears, and plucking out gray hairs; and they place before the customer a long array of razors, tweezers, picks and brushes. Their black, stiff hair is so shaved as to leave a much cherished tail depending from the crown, known as pig-tail.

They are great conservatives, and their social condition, habits, dress and pursuits are the same as those of their ancestors 2000 years ago. When John comes to die, his last wish is that his body may repose in the Celestial Empire; so he is boxed up and stowed away until a cargo is accumulated. This export in dead Chinamen has become quite a large and lucrative traffic.

On the whole, we are rather glad that John is coming to see us. What we require is cheap production and more of it, to develop our resources; and, besides, we have a vast area of lands which can only be cultivated by irrigation, and John is the chap to do it. He does not care a fig for politics, and would not snap his fingers for the gift of citizenship. Come on, John! We shall be glad to see you.

THE ECLIPSE.—The great event of the month has been the eclipse. The numerous observers at Des Moines, Mt. Pleasant, and Burlington, Iowa, and at Springfield and at other points in Illinois, were favored with a sky of great serenity. All the instruments which modern science has invented for measuring and determining the phenomena of a total eclipse were brought into play; and we may look forward to the announcement of the astronomical results as to the physical character of the sun's surface, with the highest degree of interest.

Careful observations would seem to indicate that the body of the sun is opaque, but surrounded for a considerable space with a luminous envelope, through which there are funnel-shaped openings, and that the dark spots visible on the surface are but portions of the sun's nucleus. One of these openings, observed by Sir John Herschel, was large enough to admit of the earth's passage through it. The exterior envelope, instead of being uniform, is susceptible of a three-fold division: one interior, cloud-like and vaporous; next, a luminous investment (photosphere), and exteriorly, a cloudy vapor, which is either dark or but slightly luminous. The clouds of the third solar envelope, apparently situated during the total eclipse on the margin of the sun, or even a little beyond it, gave rise to those singular rose-colored protuberances which so powerfully attracted the former observers and which were so conspicuously displayed in the late eclipse. There were five of these: one

at the nadir and two on either side of the solar disc, surrounded by a corona which shot out in the pyramidal forms of a gray or ash-colored light. These protuberances have been likened to red jagged mountains, and adopting the estimates of the angles of altitude of Petit, the director of the observatory at Toulouse, ($1^{\circ} 45''$), these sun mountains would have an altitude of 40,000 geographical miles. These red figures are regarded by Arago and others as emanations within the third envelope—clouds illuminated and colored by the photosphere.

The discovery of chromatic polarization has thrown much light on the sun's composition. By the polariscope a ray of light coming from a distant star is analyzed, and it is readily determined whether it is reflected or refracted, and whether it emanates from a solid, liquid or gaseous body. The light shining from the sun does not emanate from the earth-like nucleus, nor from a liquid, but from a self-luminous gaseous envelope.

The spectroscope has also been employed to determine the composition of the sun, on the principle that different substances in a state of rapid combustion give out different colored rays. The experiments in this respect, during the late eclipse, were eminently successful, and the observers were able to detect hydrogen, aluminum and sodium.

When the full results of all the observations shall be laid before the public, we shall have the elements for deducing some of the grandest generalizations as to the physical structure of the sun.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO: The Land of the Orang-utan and the Bird of Paradise. A Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Men and Nature. By Alfred Wallace. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 12mo. pp. 637.

This is a work of far more than ordinary merit. Mr. Wallace has for years devoted himself to the study of natural phenomena, and, independently of Mr. Darwin, had arrived at similar results with regard to the vexed question of "the origin of species." He was the first to publish an outline of these results, derived from his observations in the Malay Archipelago; but when he learned that Mr. Darwin had long been engaged on a work in which were enunciated the same general conclusions, Mr. Wallace, with a generosity much to be commended, waived his claims to priority in favor of his friend. And as evidence of his sincerity and personal esteem, we find this work dedicated to the eminent naturalist, the author of "The Origin of Species."

We have too many books of travel which simply show how far one may go and how little he may see. Time is too valuable in these days of railroads and steamships to be consumed in reading mere details of personal adventure, however hazardous or ludicrous. Mr. Wallace does not belong to this class. He first announces some of the grandest generalizations in geology—the result of eight years' explorations—viz: that the great islands of Java, Borneo and Sumatra were at no distant period connected with Asia, while the equally large islands of Celebes and Papua or New Guinea were connected with Australia. These propositions are main-

tained by a consideration of the geological contrasts, contrasts of vegetation, depth of the sea, natural productions, and of races. This is the great problem to the elucidation of which all of his explorations tend. Leaving out an occasional chapter on physical geography, the ordinary reader will find a work replete with animated descriptions of the vegetation, scenery, animals and inhabitants of a region little known, by one who by education, extensive travel, keen powers of observation, and enthusiastic devotion to natural history, has qualified himself to become the historian of nature.

"It is well known," the author remarks, "that the natural productions of Australia differ from those of Asia more than those of any of the four ancient quarters of the world differ from each other. Australia, in fact, stands alone; it possesses no apes or monkeys, no cats or tigers, wolves, bears or hyenas; no deer or antelopes, sheep or oxen; no elephants, horses, squirrels or rabbits; none, in short, of those familiar types of quadruped which are met with in every other part of the world. Instead of these it has marsupials only, kangaroos and opossums, wombats and the duck-billed platypus. In birds it is almost as peculiar. It has no woodpeckers and no pheasants, families which exist in every other part of the world; but instead of them it has the mound-making brush-turkeys, the honey-suckers, the cockatoos and the brush-tongued lorries, which are found no where else upon the globe."

The great contrast between the two divisions of the archipelago is no where so abruptly exhibited as on passing from the island of Bali to that of Lombok,

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where the two regions are in the close proximity of fifteen miles.

His descriptions of the orang-utan, the python, and the beautiful birds of paradise, are calculated to captivate the young, while the educated naturalist will resort to this work for practical instruction. We thank Mr. Wallace for this contribution to the world's literature, at once so delightful and instructive.

FISHING IN AMERICAN WATERS. By Genio C. Scott. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 12mo. pp. 478.

We have here a very agreeable book to read during the odd intervals of a fishing excursion, and such intervals do occur in camp or at an indifferent country hotel, when the piscator, during the mid-day heat, is content to stretch himself on his mattress and pore over just such a book as this. The illustrations, one hundred and seventy in number, are good, with this exception: that all the men represented in the act of fishing are as primly dressed as though they were just turned out of Mr. Scott's fashionable furnishing store on Broadway, and their attitudes are as stiff as in a fashion plate. Our ideas of a fisherman's costume are a slouched hat, a baggy coat, much the worse for wear, and any thing but French boots; and the individual thus accoutred, and plying the "gentle art," assumes few of the attitudes of the dancing-master. But this is a minor defect. This book is just learned enough to satisfy one who, without being an ichthyologist, would like to know the generic and specific names of our fishes, and the illustrations afford him the means of comparison. It is minute in every thing relating to rods, lines, snells, artificial flies, gaffs and landing-nets. In fact it embodies the experience of one who has practiced fishing as a high art for more than a quarter of a century; and

yet, with all these refinements, Mr. Scott himself confesses that the native anglers on Pine Creek, Pennsylvania, with a hickory pole and a bit of whalebone at the end, and a line with a clumsily-tied fly, bring out the "prismatic beauties" when the gentlemen amateurs fail to get a rise to their gorgeous baits; and in the rapids of the St. Marie's, at the outlet of Lake Superior, the Chippewayan, with a peeled alder and a common hempen twine, does not fear to compete with the amateurs from the States, equipped with all their elaborate contrivances. While it is pleasant to read and to recall the excitement incident to successful salmon or trout fishing, yet to all this there is a terrible drawback—the omnipresent black-fly by day and the musquito by night, whose assaults, even with the contrivances of veils and nets, and the unguents of tar and camphor and ammonia and oil, it is almost impossible to resist. To the sonnet of the good Bishop of Quebec we can feelingly respond:

"Among the plagues on earth which God has sent,
Of lighter torment is the plague of flies;
Not as of Egypt, once the punishment,
Yet such sometimes as feeble patience tries,
Where wild America's vastness lies.
These diverse hordes the swamps and woods infest,
Banded or singly these make men their prize;
Quick by their subtle dart is blood expressed
Or tumor raised. By tiny foe distressed
Travelers in forest rude, with veil, are fain
To arm the face; men there whose dwellings rest
Crouch in thick smoke, like help their cattle
gain.
Oh wise, in trials great, in troubles small,
Who know to find mementoes of the Fall!"

HAWTHORNE DALE and Miscellaneous Sketches, Chiefly Masonic. By Mrs. Wm. H. Tucker. Chicago: Printers' Coöperative Association. 12mo. pp. 394.

Whatever might be the defects of this book we should be disposed to treat them tenderly; for it is written by one whose husband gave up his life to his country in the Great Struggle, and the

wife resorts to the pen to sustain herself and educate her children. We bespeak for her, therefore, a good word, and assure the reader that he will here find an interesting story, and told with considerable graphic power. For sale by all booksellers.

ASPASIA. By C. Holland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This is the title of a neatly-printed little volume by a citizen of Chicago, who, amid the pursuits of an active business, has found time to write and send it to the press. The story is rather didactic. There is no intricacy of plot, no startling adventures, no delineation of the more powerful passions of our nature. It purports to be the autobiography of a woman born and brought up in one of the villages of New England, and subject to the strong religious influences which there prevail; and these are illustrated in her subsequent career as a wife and mother. The descriptions of every-day life are good, and some of the scenes, such as the death of the mother, the pecuniary ruin of the father, and the fall and subsequent reclamation of her own husband, possess genuine pathos. It is a good book to put in the hands of the young, and should be placed in every Sabbath-school library.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS, and VANITY FAIR. By Wm. M. Thackeray. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Chicago: Western News Co.

It is hardly necessary to inform the reader who Thackeray was. No English writer, not excepting Dickens, had such abounding humor, or could delineate those delicate lights and shades which go to make up the individual character so admirably as he. Such a writer could well afford to dispense with those intricate plots, hair-breadth escapes and startling incidents on which most novelists rely for success.

These volumes are in a compact form, and are afforded at a price which place them within the reach of every reader.

VAN NOSTRAND'S ECLECTIC ENGINEERING MAGAZINE. Conducted by Alexander L. Holley, New York.

We have before us the August number of this standard magazine, and the ninety-six pages are replete with articles of the highest scientific merit. Every engineer and architect and every worker in metals should possess this work, that he may inform himself of the new inventions and discoveries in the practical arts of life. The editor, Mr. Holley, is pains-taking, and shows by his work that he has access to the highest sources of information, both at home and abroad.

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J. M. D—g—s, the able and efficient president of one of our most important railroads, in early life hung out his shingle in Galena, a place which has since proved so prolific in public men. Among his first clients was a well-to-do farmer, whose land contained a valuable "lead of mineral," on which a miner had "squatted." While the rights of the proprietor were clear and unquestionable, the sentiments of the miners in those "diggings" were with the trespasser, and the farmer found it necessary to resort to the law to reinstate him in his property. Suit was instituted, and the trial came off. The court-house was filled by an audience of miners, whose sympathies for the defendant were so emphatically expressed that the jury were overawed, and brought in a verdict in accordance with the popular sentiment. But the court, on application, regarded the verdict as so contrary to law and equity, that it at once granted a new trial. After these proceedings were had, 'Squire B—k—s—e, who still lives in the neighborhood in the enjoyment of a green old age—and "long may he wave"—stepped up to D—g—s and remarked:

"Young man, I have a fellow-feeling for you. In this trial you haven't had a fair shake. When it comes off again, I will see that you are righted."

At the next term the court-house was filled with spectators as usual; but, just before this case was called, they were observed to issue in a steady stream out of doors, until no one but the officers of court, the jury, lawyers, clients and witnesses were left. The case was tried, and the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff. D—g—s was at a loss to account for this sudden exodus; but

when he came to go out, he found that 'Squire B—k—s—e had opened a *farò bank* near the court-house steps! This attraction was too powerful to be resisted.

SPEAKING of Galena, and the strong passion for gambling among the miners: Thirty years ago or more Father K—t was sent there as a home missionary. The miners extended to the good man a cordial welcome. They not only gave him a handsome support, but responded to every extra levy that he made for charitable purposes. But the miners *did* like to assemble of a summer Sunday afternoon, beneath the shade of an oak grove, and indulge in a quiet game of "old sledge." On one occasion the good Father suddenly presented himself in their midst, and remonstrated with them on their conduct, reminding them that it was the Sabbath. The miners were, of course, very much abashed; but one of them, in an apologetic way, remarked: "Why, Parson, we didn't know that Sunday had yet got above the mouth of Catfish Creek!"

THE Galena miners had not the fastidious taste of that Surveyor General of Western New York, who there reproduced the names of cities and of men famous in Grecian and Roman history; so that the modern traveler on a railroad train, in the course of a few hours, whisks through Syracuse, Rome and Pharsalia, and other places which are supposed to be abodes worthy of such men of renown as Homer, Virgil and Ovid, Solon, Tully, Marcellus and Manlius. The Galena miners, in christening places, used common but expressive terms. "Diggings" has become fixed

in the miners' vocabulary as a generic term, while it bears such descriptive prefixes as these: "Blackleg," "Fair Play," "Swindler's Ridge," "Nip-and-Tuck," "Beetown," "Dutch Hollow," "Hell's Point," "Dry Bone," "Pin Hook," "Red Dog," etc. "To prospect" and "to gopher" are verbs of exact meaning, but which to an Eastern judge would be in an unknown tongue.

A FEW weeks ago we were sitting with our knees under "the mahogany" of a legal friend, and had arrived at that stage of the feast when come on "the walnuts and the wine." The conversation had turned from the discussion of the particular wines before us to other drinks, when the "julep" was mentioned as an American invention, and one which the Englishmen, and among them Dickens we believe, regarded as our most highly-prized contribution to gratify the palate of mankind. "No," replied our legal friend, "it is not so. Milton, more than two hundred years ago, sang of the julep;" and sending for a copy of the bard, he turned to the "Comus" and thus read:

"And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,

(That describes the ice.)

With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd.

(Here we have the liquor, the sugar, and the mint.)

Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such pow'r to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, so cool to thirst."

And lastly we have described the refreshing and joy-inspiring sensations produced by the imbibition.

But its origin goes still further back; for Sylvester, one of the oldest of English poets, in his translation of Du Bartas, exclaims:

"I'll fetch a julep for to cool your blood."

Alas! we must now renounce our claims to the paternity of this most delectable of compounds.

SPEAKING of juleps reminds us, as the late President used to say, "of a little story." Many years ago we joined a party for a grand fish in a lake in one of the interior counties of Ohio, which was almost alive with sun-fish and black and yellow bass. Tom K——, a rollicking fellow, was appointed commissariat. He laid in, among other things, a plentiful supply of whisky, warranted to be not over a week old, lemons, and brown sugar. These he compounded into a drink which he appropriately called "tomahawk punch." We had for a guide and boatman a long cadaverous individual, who had lived so long in the miasmatic region, and had been so saturated with the spirit of fever and ague, that his countenance had about the color of new-tanned sole-leather. Whenever the punch-bowl was presented to the aforesaid individual, he would take a long and generous swig, smack his lips, and deliberately wipe his mouth with his shirt-sleeve. After spending three or four days in the region, and with glorious success, the time for our departure arrived, when the lantern-jawed and saffron-colored guide beckoned my friend Tom aside, and thus addressed him: "Stranger, I want to ask of you a favor. Tell me the secret of making 'tomahawk punch!'" Tom told him, and he departed a happy man.

BUT such sport is tame compared with what we have enjoyed under other conditions of sky and climate. Reader, did you ever find yourself in a mountain region, remote from the haunts of men, where the pure waters, and of almost icy coldness, came tumbling down over rocks, now crested with foam, then rushing on in eddying ripples, and again expanding into quiet pools, as if pause-

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ing to take breath before starting again on their headlong career? Around is the sombre forest, through whose dense canopy of foliage hardly a stray sunbeam is allowed to penetrate. Here is the home of the brook-trout; not such Lilliputians as are caught in the region of civilization, but real Brobdiagnags. Put aside the brakes carefully and peer down into the water. Heavens! what a sight! See those noble fellows resting motionless upon the pebbly bottom. The crystal water hardly interposes an obstruction to the vision. With circumspect caution you withdraw, and examine your rod and reel; and selecting a large and gaudy fly, it is cast. The moment it strikes the surface of the water, half a score of these veterans dart at it; but one more rapid than the rest secures the bait, and as he does so, you catch a glimpse of his variously-spotted side, and observe a great whirl in the water when he settles down on the bottom. Soon the line becomes taut, and begins to move steadily up the stream; and the very steadiness with which he moves convinces you that there is to be no child's play. You pull gently on the line, when the victim, feeling for the first time the prick of the hook, darts off, and the line spins out from the reel with a whiz. Let it run; for if you check it, it will snap like pack-thread or gossamer. Ere long he pauses, and you begin to reel in, when, again feeling the hook, he starts off; and thus we have it nip and tuck for an hour, when he gives up exhausted. We tow him gently to the shelving shore, but dare not attempt to lift him out of the water. Trembling in every limb with excitement, holding the rod in one hand, with the other we gently but firmly grasp him behind the gills; and even in the act, the thought flashes through the mind, "What if he were to give a sudden flop and break away!" But we have got him fast, and bear him to *terra firma*. With our knife-handle

we give him a sharp tap or two on the back of the head. A convulsive shiver runs through his frame, and life is extinct. The prize is secure. We gather a handful of fern leaves, spread them out, and tenderly place him upon them, and then set ourselves down to enjoy our triumph. He is a five-pounder. There he lies, "life's fitful fever o'er." How symmetrical his form! How smooth and glossy his skin! How brilliant those hues of orange and crimson and gold ranged along his side; how dark and deep those upon his back! They are beyond the painter's art to imitate; and, as we gaze and moralize upon that form so faultless and beautiful, we feel a pang of regret that, through our instrumentality, it has been deprived of life and animation.

Such is trout-fishing in the fastnesses of nature.

THE enforcement of the Massachusetts liquor law, while it has stirred up a vast amount of bickering and strife, has certainly produced one good thing, and that is the following Breitmännish ballad, which first appeared in a Boston newspaper. So good is it, that it deserves to be placed in a more durable casket:

"Dere was mourning in der Boston town
Vor two whole days und more,
Und all der Deutschers schimpft und flucht
About der bierhaus door.

"Der Turners in der Turne Halle sit
Und dank deir loocky stars
Dat Chones don't dake der dumberls oop
Und close der barrelhell pars.

"So sad dey look a stranger asks
'Is dere a funeral here?'
'Dere's mourners, plenty,' dey replied,
'But we hofn't got der bier.'

"Deir troats aah any lime-kiln purnt
Mit awful pangs of first,
But all der bier halles had to sell
Vas Switzer kase und wurst.

"Und still der summer vedder den
Kept getting hot und hotter,
Und seffral Deutschmen risht deir lives
Py trinking of cold water.

"Ven all at once from Franklin street
Der came a ringing cheer,
Und droo der down dere spread der news—
'Deir dakin pack Pfaff's bier!"

"Der doors of all der bier halles den
Like lightning open flew,
To celebrate the triumph of
Gambrinus' jolly crew.

"Der Deutchers trinked der bier so fast
Dey called the engines out,
Und run a length of suction hose
To effry Deutchman's mout.

"Dey trinked vorse luck to Miner den,
Und little Dempson doo,—

'How are you, Mr. Demperance man,
Und Major, how are you?"

"Shot oop der bolson visky shep,
Mit laws strict and severe;
But don't boot out der Deutchman's bipe,
Or dake away his bier."

DURING the last political canvass in Illinois, Buck M—— was invited to address the democracy in a village not a hundred miles from Chicago. The night arrived, and so, too, the "unterrified;" but not the orator. At length the Chairman of Committee of Arrangements came in, and mounting the platform, apologized for the absence of the orator, stating that he had the *etymology* in the face. A burst of laughter broke forth from the audience, much to the confusion of the Chairman, who began to suspect that he had committed a Partingtonism, when he proceeded thus: "I don't know, fellow-citizens, but that I may have used the wrong word. I meant *pleuralgia*;" whereat the peals of laughter broke forth afresh, and the Chairman subsided.

CALLING to mind Mrs. Partington, it may be said that the venerable lady, as described at this day, is widely different from the original, who was first brought to public notice by Sidney Smith, in his speech at Taunton on the Reform Bill,

in 1831, wherein he used this illustration:

"I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town. The tide rose to an incredible height; the waves rushed in upon the houses, and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington."

In translating the Scriptures into the pagan languages, the missionaries often employ euphonious terms, and readily pronounceable by us. Foreexample, in the *Sooahellee* language of Africa, the word "God" is rendered *Mooigniazimoongo*; "original sin," in the Ottomi-Indian, *tlacatzintiliztlatlacolli*; and "repentance," in the Delaware tongue, *achiwelendamowitchewagan*. When the heathen can be brought to pronounce these terms, we think that their salvation is secured.

"Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!" exclaimed Job—probably, as suggested by Horace Smith, that Job might review him in the "*Jerusalem Quarterly*" of that day.



David Atwood

